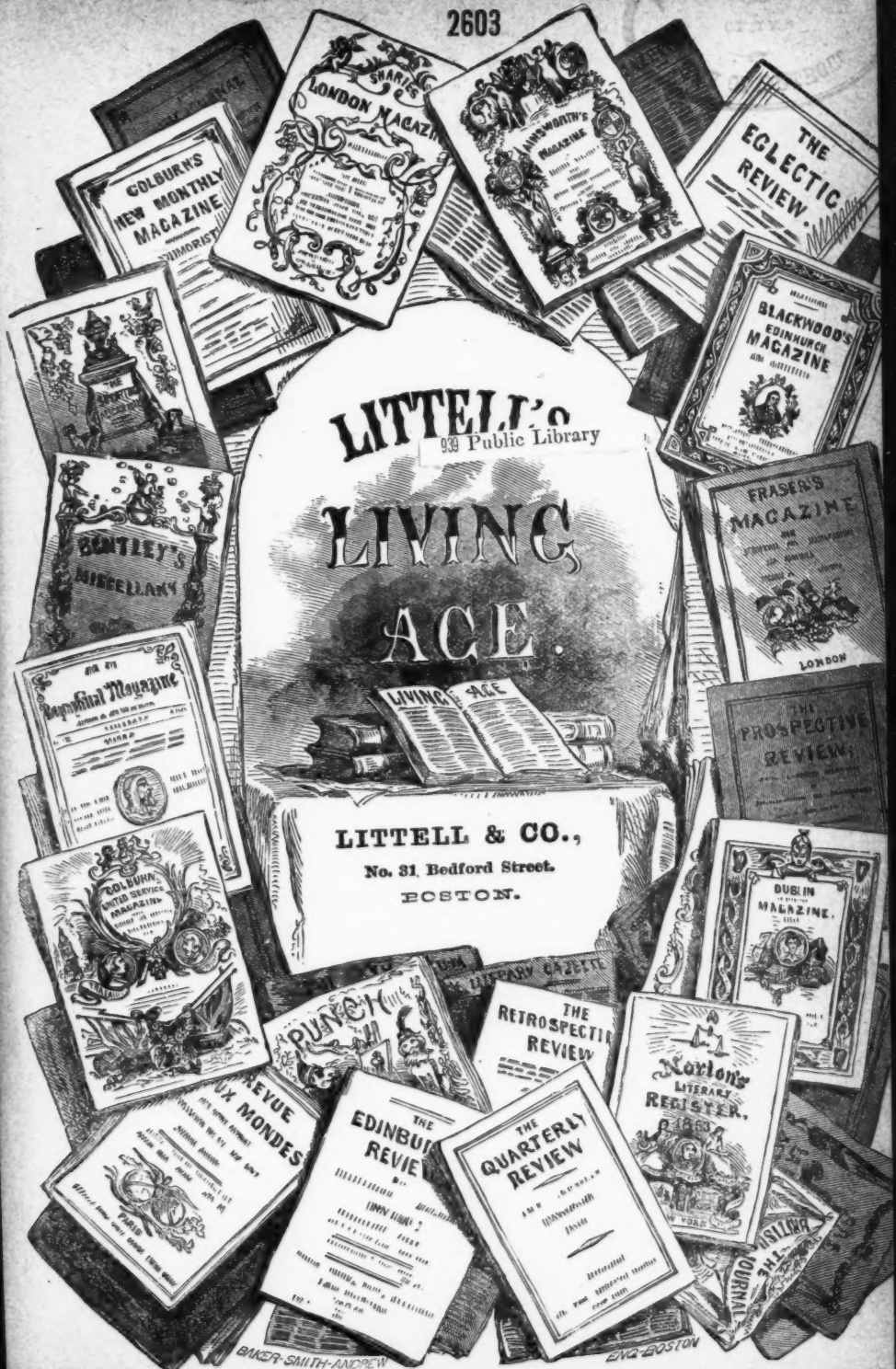


2603



LITTELL'S
939 Public Library

LIVING
AGE

LITTELL & CO.,
No. 31 Bedford Street,
BOSTON.

GOLDBURN'S
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

LONDON
MAGAZINE

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH
MAGAZINE

THE
ECLECTIC
REVIEW

FRASER'S
MAGAZINE

BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY

THE
PROSPECTIVE
REVIEW

DUBLIN
MAGAZINE

THE
QUARTERLY
REVIEW

THE
EDINBURGH
REVIEW

THE
ATHENAEUM

THE
SPECTATOR

Baker-Smith-Andrew

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter



BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Goes regularly to Hot Springs for GOUT, RHEUMATIC GOUT, RHEUMATISM.—How this Water is valued there in BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS and STONE OF THE BLADDER.

DR. ALGERNON S. CARNET,
Surgeon (retired) U. S. Navy, Resident Physician Hot Springs, Ark., says:
"My experience in the use of

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

is limited to the treatment of Gout, Rheumatism, and that hybrid disease, "Rheumatic Gout" (so-called) which is in contradistinction to the Rheumatoid Arthritis of Garrod. I have had excellent results from this Water in these affections, both in my own person and in the treatment of patients for whom I have prescribed it. Of course the remedial agent is its contained Alkalies and their solvent properties. Hence it is a prophylactic as well as a remedy in Nephritic Colic and forming Calculi, when due to a redundancy of Lithic Acid.

DR. WM. B. TOWLES,

Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia, former Resident Physician, Hot Springs, Va., says:
"I feel no hesitancy whatever in saying that in Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatism, Stone in the Bladder, and in all diseases of the Uric Acid Diathesis, I know of no remedy at all comparable to

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

"Its effects are marked in causing a disappearance of Albumen from the urine. In a single case of Bright's Disease of the kidneys I witnessed decided beneficial results from its use, and from its action in this case I should have great confidence in it as a remedy in certain stages of this disease."

THE LATE DR. WM. F. CARRINGTON,

Resident Physician of Hot Springs, Ark., Surgeon (retired) U. S. Navy, says:

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

has signally demonstrated its remedial power in Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatism, Uric Acid, Gravel and other maladies dependent upon the Uric Acid Diathesis. It not only eliminates from the blood the deleterious agent before it crystallizes, but dissolves it in the form of Calculi, at least to a size that renders its passage along its ureters and urethra comparatively easy. Send twenty cases No 2."

DR. T. B. BUCHANAN,

Resident Physician, Hot Springs, Ark., says:
"Send me five cases of

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

I have made use of this Water for Gout in my own person and prescribed it for patients similarly suffering, with the most decided beneficial results. I take great pleasure in advising Gouty patients to these Springs.

This water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half gallon bottles \$5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor,
Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.
Springs open June 15th.

It Will Pay You

To, First,
Preserve your numbers,
and, Second,
Bind your volumes

—OF—

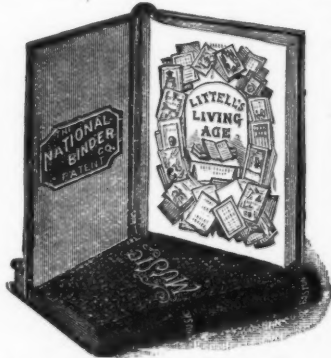
THE LIVING AGE.

Every phase of thought is reflected in its pages, every movement chronicled, and every form of literature is discussed. It is a repository of the latest and best literature of the age. When bound a year's issues make four compendious volumes of 824 pages each. Their contents are of permanent and ever increasing value and well worthy of preservation. The bound volumes constitute a valuable addition to any library.

Subscribers sending us their unbound copies can have them returned substantially bound in black cloth, gilt lettered backs, for 75 cents each.

Those wishing to have their volumes bound by a local binder can be supplied with binding covers, postpaid, at 50 cents each.

USE A TEMPORARY BINDER.



This temporary Binder commends itself to all our readers who desire to preserve their weekly numbers. Its great advantages over other binders are:

First—NON-MUTILATION. The numbers are placed and securely held without injury by the thin slats which run the length of the magazine.

Second—SIMPLICITY. Magazines are inserted and removed at pleasure and with ease.

Its strength, lightness of weight and low price, add to its attractiveness and increase its value.

This Binder has no superior, and, with its stiff back, lettered in gold, may, if desired, occupy a place on the shelves with bound volumes.

Price, postpaid, only 85 cents.

Address

LITTELL & CO.,

31 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series, }
Volume II. }

No. 2603. — May 26, 1894.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCL. }

CONTENTS.

I. THE QUEEN AND HER "PERMANENT MINISTER." By Reginald B. Brett,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	451
II. THE DEAN OF KILLERINE. Part III. Translated by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, from the French of	<i>The Abbé Prévost</i> ,	457
III. THE FRENCH IN TUNIS. By Count Gleichen,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	470
IV. A CANOE VOYAGE ON A FRENCH RIVER. By E. Harrison Barker,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	475
V. THE OLD PREMIER AND THE NEW. By H. W. Massingham,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	489
VI. A NOTE ON WALT WHITMAN. By Edmund Gosse,	<i>New Review</i> ,	495
VII. A NEGLECTED SENSE. By Edward Dillon,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	502
VIII. THE MEETING OF THE SEASONS,	<i>Speaker</i> ,	511

POETRY.

HEATHER BURNING,	450	MARATHON,	450
WINTER'S GONE,	450		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

HEATHER BURNING.

A LINE of hills, grey coombs of leafless oak,
 Grey heights of wintry heath, are veiled in
 grey,
 Because the beather-burners' cloud of
 smoke

Lies everywhere upon the tranquil day.

The sea is lost in gulf of dimmest space,
 Where day or night is not, nor world nor
 sky ;

Only a fringe of foam the eye may trace,
 And ear receive a long-drawn rushing sigh.

Between grey hills and surf of hidden sea
 The April meadows lie in gauzy air ;
 And, adding to the haze on all the lea,
 The trees a haze of their own weaving
 wear.

The roadside elms like raindrops in sus-
 pense

Their pale-green buds on branch and suck-
 ers hold ;

Between the fields each common osier fence
 Is clad in shining mist of grey or gold.

The silver shafts of beeches in the copse
 Spread forth long feathers, beaded, golden
 brown ;

And brown upon the tangled alder tops
 The catkin pennons hang, a faded crown.

And all the hues in this faint smoke are
 pale ;

The pallid sunbeams fall and cast no shade ;
 Like bride's fresh beauty seen through
 filmy veil,

The lush spring colors glow, yet seem to
 fade.

Only the tint of air adds gleam more bright
 To blackthorn's crest of pearl in brake and
 hedge ;

In cottage yards the pear is beaming white,
 Full-blossomed, by white walls and roofs
 of sedge.

As, drowsy with faint scent of burning
 peat,

The birds pipe soft, and softly go and
 come ;

Grey sheep are chewing cud of grasses
 sweet ;

Bees by the willow blossoms suck and hum.

All else is still, except on low dim shore
 The wave runs white and draws its tuneful
 breath,

And sea-gulls in the murky sunlight soar,
 To wheel about the coombs and lofty heath.

L. DOUGALL.

Porlock Weir, April 4.

Academy.

WINTER'S GONE.

COME with me, my Phyllis dear,
 Where the linnet's loudly singing ;
 See, the skies are bright and clear,
 And the woods with joy are ringing.
 Everything is glad and gay,
 Now that winter's passed away.

Bring your hat ; but twine it round
 With a spray of April roses,
 While I pluck from sheltered ground
 Early flowers most meet for posies.
 Then, indeed, you'll look like one
 That lives in love of sky and sun.

Many a day I've watched them spring,
 Snowdrop white and primrose yellow,
 Violet, shyly blossoming,
 And the crocus, gorgeous fellow ;
 But this morning forth they came
 To do full honor to your name.

How the linnets pipe and trill !
 Well they know that winter's over.
 Yonder, 'neath the copse-crowned hill,
 Cattle crop the bursting clover ;
 While the ploughboy, full of mirth,
 Sings to see the smiling earth.

Here are lambs, not three days old,
 Nestling 'gainst the patient mother ;
 Here are others, grown more bold,
 Gambolling with one another ;
 Fearing neither shower nor storm
 While the sunlight's bright and warm.

Come with me, my Phyllis dear,
 Where the woods with joy are ringing,
 Where the skies are warm and clear,
 And the earth to life is springing.
 What care we for work to-day ?
 Is not winter passed away ?

Chambers' Journal,

J. S. FLETCHER.

MARATHON.

TO-DAY as twilight falls
 Upon the darkling plain,
 The ghosts of the great Past
 Contend again.

Still on that haunted marsh
 The affrighted peasant hears
 Barbaric shouts arise,
 Shields clash with spears.

Groans, cries of mortal strife,
 And trampling chivalry,
 Where the lone hills survey
 The sailless sea.

LEWIS MORRIS.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE QUEEN AND HER "PERMANENT MINISTER."

STRONG as the mutual feeling undoubtedly was which bound Sir Robert Peel to the court, it differed in quality from that which the queen had experienced towards the minister under whose guidance, as a young and friendless girl, she had assumed her great office. Peel, however, if he had not exactly occupied Lord Melbourne's place, could distinctly claim to have established himself upon a firm and enduring footing in his relation to the sovereign. To the queen he was not only a minister, but a friend. When he fell from power, Lord John Russell, who succeeded to his office, did not succeed to the position which he held at Windsor or at Osborne. Owing to the tact exhibited by the queen and Prince Albert, there was no very noticeable difference, in so far as the public was concerned, between the place occupied at court by the new prime minister and that which his predecessor had filled. A difference, however, there was, and the finer shades of it appear very clearly by the light of the queen's journals and the prince's correspondence. The detachment of the queen from political partisanship was as complete as ever. As in duty bound, so in reality, her sympathies seemed henceforth always at the command of her minister, be his party Whig or Tory. Although the training of a Stockmar may induce in a sovereign absolute loyalty to a political leader who happens to be the servant of the crown for the time being, it cannot command affection or create intimacy. Neither Lord John Russell nor Lord Derby ever complained of the support accorded to them by the sovereign. Lord Aberdeen, who had been foreign secretary under Peel, and had shared to some extent with him the affectionate esteem of his royal mistress, certainly had no cause to complain, and when he was forced to relinquish his post, even amid the chilly atmosphere of that Crimean winter, the queen stood almost alone

in assuring him of her continued "personal affection and regard." One minister, it is true, found himself in antagonism to the crown; but Lord Palmerston's troubles culminated while he still held subordinate, though very high, office; and from the day he became prime minister he himself recorded his satisfaction at the "cordiality and confidence" with which he was treated by the queen.

In point of fact, from the fall of Peel, in 1846, to the fatal 14th of December, 1861, the relation between the sovereign and the prime minister was recognized to be wholly different from what it had previously been. A marked and remarkable personality had come between the ruler and the chief of her "confidential servants." During the five years of Sir Robert Peel's administration, while public attention was fixed on parliamentary conflicts and fiscal changes rousing the wildest animosities, popularly supposed to be pregnant by enthusiasts of national salvation, and by critics of national ruin, silently and unwatched there was developed an influence which altered fundamentally the whole relation of the crown to the people, and moulded the monarchy into the shape which it has now assumed. During those five eventful years the queen's husband passed from boyhood to manhood, and from prince in name became king in fact. From the moment of her marriage the queen had recognized, as was natural to a young wife, the intellectual quality of her husband's mind and the moral force of his character.

When she failed to make him king consort, she was determined that he should not be forced into obscurity. In a most curious memorandum, written by the queen's own hand, she refers to "Prince George of Denmark, the very stupid and insignificant husband of Queen Anne," who "never seems to have played anything but a very subordinate part" in public affairs; and it is clear that it was not her intention that any such derogatory phrase should ever justly be applied to her own consort. Although the queen

may have believed it to be true that Prince Albert owed his initiation into public life to Sir Robert Peel, in point of fact the prince was indebted to the queen herself; for even if Peel was attracted by the ardor and keenness of the young prince's mind, it never would have occurred to him—fully aware as he was of the political risk he ran—to bring the prince forward unless he had been conscious that in so doing he was establishing an important hold upon the regard of the queen. A very acute observer has remarked that before he became her prime minister there was probably no man in her dominions whom the queen so cordially detested as Sir Robert Peel; but that he found means to remove all her prejudice against him, and to establish himself high in her favor; and that when he resigned office the queen evinced a personal regard for him scarcely inferior to that which she had manifested to Lord Melbourne. At the time it was not so plain as it has since become to what special adroitness Sir Robert Peel owed this remarkable revulsion of feeling on the part of the queen. It is now clear that it was due to his recognition of Prince Albert as *de facto* coequal sovereign. Lord John Russell was the first with adequate opportunity, as well as sufficient previous experience, to take note of the change which had occurred in the relation of the sovereign to her ministers. When he succeeded Sir Robert Peel in office, he found that he could no longer expect to see the queen alone. At every interview between the sovereign and her prime minister the prince was present. Although, if he had desired to enforce it, Lord John Russell's right to exclude every one from these audiences was incontestable, prudence and tact convinced him at once that the new procedure must be accepted. He stated in confidence to a friend his astonishment at the great development which had taken place. The prince had become so "identified with the queen that they were one person;" and it was obvious to him that, while she had the title, he was really dis-

charging the functions of sovereign, and was king to all intents and purposes.

At this time the prince was in years almost a boy. Although barely six-and-twenty, he seems to have experienced no difficulty in holding his own with Lord John Russell, in spite of the minister's age and experience, extending over many long years of public life. The qualities to which the queen had yielded had exercised a powerful influence over the minds of all those into whose close companionship, whether for business or pleasure, her husband was thrown. If Sir Robert Peel had been impressed by the young German prince, Lord John Russell and Lord Aberdeen were not less moved by his grave and intense individuality. The effect produced upon successive ministers by intercourse with him was so marked that groundless suspicions and jealousies, bidding fair to be dangerous, were excited in the minds of politicians who were outside the sphere of his influence. It began to be said that there was a power "behind the throne," and there was but a step between this suggestion and the wilder assertion that this power was used in a sense hostile to the interests of England, and on behalf of foreign States to whom by blood and birth the prince was more closely allied. From whispers in drawing-rooms and club-windows rumors spread into provincial town-halls and country market-places. Ignited by the public press, suddenly the flames of unpopularity were fanned into a blaze, and Prince Albert became the object, not only of abuse and attack, but almost of public impeachment. At one moment it was even credited that he had followed in the wake of former traitors to the State, and had been immured in the Tower. The storm broke, and was allayed in the House of Commons. Then the curious and somewhat unusual spectacle was observed of a prime minister, together with his predecessors and successors in that office, agreeing to support each other in an apparently unpopular cause.

Attempts have been made to analyze the causes which underlay the prince's unpopularity. His dress, the cut of his clothes, his manner of shaking hands, his seat on horseback — all these contributed possibly to the prejudices of the aristocracy against him. In the *Scotsman* newspaper, in 1854, there appeared an article accounting for the hostility to the young German prince on the score of his virtues; that as "a moral reformer" he was bound to be obnoxious to all who, "conscious of their own stunted capacities and attainments, tremble for their social position should the lower and middle classes be thoroughly instructed and civilized." By some he was thought a dangerous metaphysician, and by others a prig. His reserve was a standing grievance in higher spheres of society. He was altogether lacking in freedom and ease of manner; and he never conformed to the ways of the so-called "fast" people in the fashionable world. Above all, he was a "Peelite *malgré lui*," and offended thereby the old-fashioned Tories on the one hand and the advanced section of the Liberal party on the other. If he was not accused of attempting openly to trench on the privileges of the sovereign, he was credited with exercising a secret and baneful influence. As he himself put it to the Duke of Wellington, he

shunned ostentation, and sank his own individual existence in that of his wife; he assumed no separate responsibility before the public, but he became her sole confidential adviser in politics and assistant in communication with the officers of the government, the father of the royal children, the private secretary of the sovereign, and her permanent minister.

Herein lay the gravamen of the charge against him, apparently admitted by himself. A prime minister supported by a Parliamentary majority had a right to the support and intimate confidence of the crown, but a "permanent minister" was a wholly novel and unconstitutional personage. Lord Melbourne had congratulated the queen on the inestimable advantage she pos-

sessed in the counsel and assistance of her husband. Under Peel the prince's position had become clearer, and he was duly installed as private secretary and intimate "counsellor" of the queen, taking part in all affairs regarding the crown or bearing on foreign policy, with the privilege of being present at all audiences between the sovereign and her ministers. The internal dissensions of Lord John Russell's Cabinet, the constantly recurring difficulties with Lord Palmerston, the dismissal of that minister from the Foreign Office in 1851, and his retirement again in 1853, all contributed to give color to the reports of unconstitutional interference on the part of the prince. That his influence, brought to bear upon the vacillating will of Lord John Russell, effected the dismissal of Palmerston in 1851 no one, by the light of documents now revealed in the "Life of the Prince Consort," can doubt. Lord John Russell's biographer has also, probably with some reluctance, but in the interests of truth, made this plain. Yet, when the debate in Parliament took place in January, 1854, in which the attacks on the prince culminated, no one who had been prime minister, or had any hope of becoming so, was found to support the accusation that he had been guilty of the exercise of undue interference. On the contrary, all combined to praise him. Lord Palmerston had, through the press, already exonerated him by stating that he had exercised "no influence on the foreign secretary's resignation and return to office." Lord John Russell and Lord Aberdeen took the whole responsibility of everything that had taken place upon themselves, and bore eloquent witness to the "constitutional action of the queen." How, they then argued, could the prince have exercised unconstitutional influence over her, since she herself had not moved a hair's-breadth outside the limits of the Constitution? Even Lord Derby, much less well disposed, was driven to speak sharply of the "gullibility of the public" and the "absurd attacks on the prince." In point of fact, how-

ever, the influence of Prince Albert was at this time overwhelming. In March, 1851, it was his aversion from Mr. Disraeli, shared by the queen, that contributed largely to the reluctance of Lord Derby to attempt the formation of a government, and in all probability prevented him from doing so; and it was the antipathy of the prince to Lord Palmerston, also shared by the queen, that procured from Lord John Russell the dismissal of Lord Palmerston in December of the same year.

Whether or no Lord Palmerston was addicted to the "monstrous habit of treating with contempt alterations in despatches that had been prescribed to him, and sending despatches from which the queen and Lord John had struck out certain passages with the same restored," there is no doubt that this habit (and Lord Palmerston freely indulged it) never galled the prime minister to the extent that it annoyed the prince.

Almost a year before the final rupture with Palmerston the prince had attempted to sting Lord John Russell into a proper spirit of rebellion against his masterful colleague. On May 15, 1850, he wrote: —

MY DEAR LORD JOHN, —

Both the queen and myself are exceedingly sorry at the news your letter conveyed to us. We are not surprised, however, that Lord Palmerston's mode of doing business should not be borne by a susceptible French government with the same good humor and forbearance as by his colleagues. The queen hopes to be well enough to see you on Sunday at one o'clock.

Ever yours truly,

ALBERT.

Clearly the struggle was not between the prime minister and his subordinate. In strength of will and force of character they were too unequally matched. It lay between the subordinate minister and the "permanent minister," who was in truth a foeman worthy of Palmerston's steel. It ended, as similar struggles in England nearly always have ended, in the triumph of the subject over the monarch. The biographer of Lord John Russell, who can

have had no legitimate bias towards Palmerston, points out that, in spite of the attacks upon his policy and his methods, the victory remained with the foreign secretary; and if four years of office had deprived him of the confidence of the crown, he had gained in exchange for it the confidence of the people. It is to the high credit of the prince that when Lord Palmerston shortly became, as he was bound to do, the first minister of the queen, the relations between him and the court were no less cordial than those which the queen had established with his predecessors in office. Although, by offering first Bagshot Park to Lord John Russell, which he refused, and subsequently Pembroke Lodge, which he accepted, the queen had given evidence of her regard for his upright and loyal nature, the intimacy between her and that minister was of a different quality from that which had subsisted between her and his predecessors. To some extent, doubtless, this arose out of the disposition of Lord John Russell himself. Naturally cold in manner, if he took no pains to win good-will from his followers he took even less to ingratiate himself in the eyes of one who was not only a sovereign, but a lady. He was the typical leader of that stiff, cold oligarchy which had governed English sovereigns and the English nation by qualities and merits altogether independent of the heart and of the affections.

Next, cool and all unconscious of reproach,
Comes the calm Johnny, who upset the coach.

How formed to lead, if not too proud to please!

His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze.

The prince, like all men themselves reserved in manner, resented reserve in others. It is clear that to him and to the queen the sentimental charm of Aberdeen appeared far more attractive than the crude honesty of Russell. As foreign secretary in Peel's government he had been much thrown with the prince; and Lord Melbourne, soon after his fall, noticed that of the new

ministers Lord Aberdeen was preferred by the queen.

In December, 1852, when Lord Derby resigned, the queen might have turned quite naturally to Lord John Russell for assistance or advice. He had been her prime minister for five years, and no other statesman then living had held that office at all. The queen, however, sent for Lord Aberdeen and Lord Lansdowne. It is true that at that time, owing to the confusion of parties and the position of the Peelites, the chances of Lord John Russell's forming a government would have been small; but the opportunity was not given to him. He consented, however, to serve under the Peelite who had been his opponent, just as two years afterwards he consented to serve under the Whig, who had been his subordinate almost ten years earlier in his career. In point of fact, while the "permanent minister" was in the queen's service the headship of the Cabinet was a matter which seemed to her to affect no one but the rival claimants themselves and their rival ambitions.

From Lord Derby she parted with civility, but without any strong expression of regret. During his ten months of office in 1852, as well as during his year of office in 1858, he enjoyed her friendly but unenthusiastic support. Lord John Russell, thanks to a longer term of official life, and consequently to a large term of official intercourse, was on terms of somewhat greater cordiality with the queen. If cold, his deportment to her was always most respectful; he was enough at court, a cynic observed, to show that he enjoyed the "constitutional confidence of the sovereign, without being domiciled there as a favorite." The extreme levity of Lord Derby, and his incapacity for taking grave and serious views, his authority resting altogether, as it did, upon his oratorical gifts, were not likely to endear him to the intense nature of Prince Albert; and to him Lord John Russell very greatly, and Lord Aberdeen in an eminent degree, stood out in favorable comparison.

Neither, however, was comparable to Melbourne, and still less to Peel. There came a time when the queen, in her "desolate and isolated condition," did, indeed, turn to "no other than Lord Russell, an old and tried friend of hers;" just as there also came a time when Lord Aberdeen was privileged, as he himself relates, to kiss the queen's hand on saying farewell, and instead of finding it held out in a lifeless manner for the purpose, "to his surprise, when he took hold of it to lift it to his lips, found his own hand squeezed with a strong and significant pressure." This he perhaps rightly interpreted as a proof of real regard; but, apart from the minister's odd disclosure, there is evidence in the queen's own handwriting of her feeling towards him:—

She wishes to say what a pang it is for her to separate from so kind and dear and valued a friend as Lord Aberdeen has ever been to her since she has known him. The day he became her prime minister was a very happy one for her; and throughout his ministry he has ever been the kindest and wisest adviser, one to whom she could apply for advice on all, and trifling occasions even. This she is sure he will still ever be, but the losing him as her first adviser in her government is very painful.

Considering the circumstances of the parting, amid the frosts and failures of that Crimean winter, and considering the hostile attitude of public opinion towards the administration of which he was the head, the kindness and warmth of the queen to a fallen and unpopular servant, though not unusual in her, are none the less worthy of admiration. It will be seen and easily appreciated, how completely ministers of this type were dominated and eclipsed in the eyes of the queen by Prince Albert. Her "permanent minister" was always about her; and she needed neither the advice nor support of any other. From the fall of Peel, in 1846, to the fall of Aberdeen, in 1855, the queen looked elsewhere than to her prime minister for advice and support. The stronger personality of her husband overshadowed in her eyes the man who hap-

pened at the time to be the chief of her "confidential servants."

If by sheer personality the prince was able to impress a nature so unsympathetic as that of Peel, and influence a man so cold in the ordinary relations of life as Russell, it was not extraordinary that he dominated the mind of her to whom he was a daily, almost an hourly, companion. No woman with any appreciation of intellect, or sensitiveness to character, could fail to be touched by the intense earnestness that breathed through every fibre of his nature. Lady Lyttelton, the governess of the royal children, noticed how this thoroughness of deep feeling permeated through everything that he said or did, even things so trivial as his playing of the organ. It was natural, then, that solemn occasions should have for him a deeper significance than for the majority of young men. The queen has described how, when he was a little over twenty, he chose to treat the great sacrament of his Church:—

The prince had a very strong feeling about the solemnity of this act, and did not like to appear in company either the evening before or on the day on which he took it, and he and the queen almost always dined alone on these occasions.

In his ordinary behavior to the queen, no less than in his attitude on these graver occasions, it is easy to trace the secret of his power and influence.

He would frequently return to luncheon at a great pace, and would always come through the queen's dressing-room, where she generally was at that time, with that bright, loving smile with which he ever greeted her; telling her where he had been, what new buildings he had seen, what studios, etc., he had visited. Riding for mere riding's sake he disliked, and said, "*Es ennuyait mich so.*"

It is not surprising that when his life ended, and the loss of her friend, counsellor, and minister was understood in all its fulness by the queen, she should have likened it to the "beginning of a new reign." This is, in truth, what it was. From the time of the queen's illness at the birth of the princess royal, when the responsibilities of the

sovereign were undertaken by the prince, with the tacit approval of the ministry, to the 14th of December, 1861, when his life ended, he was mayor of the palace, and all the threads of a constitutional sovereignty were in his hands. The queen's style is so familiar to the readers of her journals and letters that no one could mistake the source of the communications sent in her name to her ministers during those years.

Take, for example, the following letter:—

Osborne, 10th March, 1860.

The queen, in returning Lord Cowley's private letter and secret despatch, agrees with Lord John Russell that he has deserved praise for his mode of answering the emperor's Napoleonic address.

The circumstance is useful, as proving that the emperor, if met with firmness, is more likely to retract than if cajoled, and that the statesmen of Europe have much to answer for not having spoiled him in the last ten years by submission and cajolery. The expressions of opinion in the House of Commons have evidently much annoyed the emperor, but they have also had their effect in making him reflect. If Europe were to stand together, and make an united declaration against the annexation of Savoy, the evil might still be arrested; but less than that will not suffice. The emperor's last conversation with Lord Cowley is still very vague, leaving him free to do very much what he pleases.

The substance and style of such a letter are unmistakable, and it bears but little resemblance to the memoranda of the queen which have been quoted. Impressed evidently upon it is the hand of the "permanent minister," whose authority in Council and weight in argument told heavily in the scale against those of Lord Russell or Lord Aberdeen whenever differences of opinion between the ministers and the sovereign arose.

It was only when, in the case of Lord Palmerston, the prince was brought into collision with a will as strong as his own that anything in the nature of a conflict was sustained; and even then, after a battle in which the spoils of war were fairly divided, the sagacity of the prince led him to appre-

ciate the force of the statesman with whom he had to deal, and the necessity of compromising their differences. Just as, years before, he had acquiesced in the wisdom of Lord Melbourne's counsel, and had induced the queen to grant a "general amnesty" in her feelings towards the Tories, so he granted an amnesty to Palmerston, and loyally supported him as first minister of the crown.

If, then, the personal relations between the queen and her ministers during the full manhood of the prince were colder and more distant than those which preceded this period, after his death she was once more forced into closer personal intercourse with them, though doubtless of a very different quality.

It is a curious speculation to try to imagine what might have occurred had the prince consort lived into late middle age, and into more democratic times. There was nothing in his nature, as it is known to us, which gives the impression that he would have feared democracy. His views were as broad and as elastic as those of Peel. Like Peel's great pupil and follower, whose career has only just ended, the prince consort's ideas might easily have kept abreast of the most advanced opinions of the time. Had he lived, he would now be ten years the junior of Mr. Gladstone. How, as "permanent minister," he would have steered through the breakers which beset Lord Beaconsfield's government in 1879-80, and Mr. Gladstone's in 1884-85, it is impossible to conjecture. Owing to the extreme youth of the queen the interposition of his strong personality was tolerated for a while. How this interposition would have stood the tension of years may only be conjectured. The eclipse of the constitutional advisers of the sovereign by a "permanent minister," even though he be the consort of the queen, could not fail to be other than an experiment in politics. It must be plain to every one who has carefully noted the inner life of the palace, as described under the authority of the queen herself, that

it is an experiment which might not safely have been prolonged, and certainly could not safely bear repetition.

REGINALD B. BRETT.

[Copyright, 1894, by LITTELL & Co.]

THE DEAN OF KILLERINE.

BY THE ABBE PREVOST.

1765.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

PART THIRD.

I SHOULD have experienced unalloyed delight in receiving the affectionate greetings of my own people, after four months absence from my parish, had it not been for the bitter thought that, in returning to the vicinity of my father's house, I left unfulfilled the sacred trust he had bequeathed to me. I bore this sorrow with me everywhere. It oppressed me at all times and in all places, though sometimes I endeavored to do justice to George. His moral conduct was without reproach, his judgment good, his principles correct, and though ambition and love of the world (combined with a little desire to be revenged on me) had led him to withdraw his brother and sister from my care, I felt sure he would not lead them into paths of vice, either by precept or example. But yet the only motive to virtue that he was likely to inculcate, was a desire to win the praise of men, and he would cultivate in them a taste for anything that would conduce to that end. Will the most honest man in the world, who has no higher motive than this for being virtuous, hesitate, if some day vice seems likely to serve his ends?

Yet I could not believe that George, a man of refinement, honor, and sense, would ever sink himself into personal degradation; but Rose and Patrick were younger, more impressionable, what might not become of them had they no better guide?

With that would come the thought, might I not have carried too far, with such a character as that of George, the strictness of my views as to the obligations of religion? Might not the world

be somewhat less vile and false than I had pictured it? I had never had any experience. I only knew the world from books, and from what I had been taught at the seminary at Carrickfergus. George, on the contrary, had seen good society. As the eldest son of his father (after I had given up that position) he had associated with all the neighboring families of wealth and title in our province; perhaps he knew more than I did of the world's ways, and, knowing them, found them more innocent.

When I began to think these things I regretted that I had not made better use of the time I passed in France to acquire some experience. I could easily have gone into good company, have examined its principles, and learned its customs. Then I should have known for myself what a Catholic ought to think of the world. Perhaps I had been too hard on George.

Killerine was not a place in which I was likely to acquire much information about the world. It was a small town, inhabited chiefly by mechanics and laborers, where peace and innocence had long reigned. But even in that quiet place it was not the will of heaven that I should long enjoy tranquillity.

Some gentlemen of the county of Antrim who were disaffected to the government — indignant at seeing the best lands in Ireland pass into the hands of the king's favorites — had entered into a conspiracy to shake off the English yoke. The success of their enterprise demanded the co-operation of many people, and as the plot had wheel within wheel, it took time to come to maturity. It had been so well planned that even when it was discovered it was hard to bring it home to the conspirators.

One of these, a man named Fincer, an old friend of our house, unhappily dropped a paper containing a plan of the whole plot, which an officer of the king picked up. Fincer very soon discovered his loss, but trusting that the paper had fallen into safe hands, and knowing that all the persons mentioned in it bore false names, he deemed it unwise to draw suspicion on himself by

making any search for it. He however put the gentlemen it concerned upon their guard, and at the same time took an oath to each of them that, whatever happened, he would be true to them. The paper had been placed at once in the hands of the viceroy, who was unable to discover any of the persons it concerned. He however (according to a custom prevalent in England) offered a sum of money for any information, and thereby succeeded in getting some clues; above all, he found out that it was Fincer who had lost the paper. Fincer was accordingly arrested and imprisoned at Dublin. He was forthwith examined, the viceroy himself being present. But instead of an obstinate conspirator, the magistrates were amazed to find that Fincer was quite ready to tell them all he knew. He acknowledged himself guilty of two things. First, in having so long kept silence as to the dangerous designs on foot, and secondly, in not having at once hurried to the viceroy when he lost the plan of the plot, and disclosed the whole matter to him. His excuse for the first was that he had been curious to watch the workings of the conspiracy, and as for the second he could only say that, being a quiet man, a man of peace, he judged that the best thing he could do, both for himself and for the public, was to hold his tongue.

Being pressed to give names, he replied that he was unwilling to blacken the memory of the dead, but that the gentleman who had drawn up the paper was the Earl of — (my father!), who had been an ardent adherent of the religion of Rome. He, dying, had placed this paper in the hands of Fincer's father; the son had found it among his father's papers, and remembered to have heard the earl (our father) talking with his father on the subject. He assured the viceroy that a dread of discovery had led to the abrupt departure of both my brothers to France, as they feared to be considered sharers in the treason of their father.

This tissue of lies was supported by no proofs, and Fincer was detained in

custody. The news of his pretended revelations spread through Dublin, and I received several letters, which not only told me of the calumnies afloat about my father, but warned me that I should probably be arrested.

Of course that was what I might naturally expect, but my solicitude for the honor of our house being stronger than my solicitude for my own safety, I determined to go at once to Dublin. I made such haste that I presented myself to the viceroy when he least expected me. I defended my father's memory so earnestly, offering to give myself up to execution if it could be proved that he had ever in anything failed in respect for the government, that I neutralized the evidence of Fincer. I then asked to be confronted with our accuser. This request was granted. The viceroy was present at the interview. Fincer was about my own age. We had been playmates in our boyhood. The sight of me seemed to embarrass him. He said he was surprised to find me mixing myself up in the affair, when no one had accused me of conspiracy, and that as to my father, though it was with deep regret that he cast any slur upon his memory, he had been obliged to do so in his own defence. All he said was of course vague and weak, but as he was a Protestant, I could see that, things being equal, the viceroy and the public leaned rather to his testimony than to mine. The end was that, although the viceroy told me that he did not consider me a guilty person, I was put into custody of a messenger of state.

I was glad of this, for it gave me a right to plead for an investigation, which would clear my father's memory and rehabilitate the honor of our house.

However, the affair dragged slowly on, with no change in Fincer's situation or in mine. But just as the zeal of my friends had promised to furnish me with papers and with proofs that would entirely exonerate my father, Fincer, by the negligence of the prison officials, managed to escape and got safely away from Ireland. He did this so adroitly that it was not till long

after that I knew the particulars of his escape, and that he found an asylum in Denmark.

The viceroy naturally considered his escape a proof of guilt, and I earnestly requested a declaration from the government in my father's favor; but I was told that I must wait, that legal proceedings were necessary, and so on. Nor was any attempt made to molest Fincer's daughter, who entered quietly into possession of her father's property. I was, however, set at liberty, being simply bound over to keep the peace.

I set out, therefore, for Killerine. I bowed to the decrees of Providence, but could not help thinking that the hand of God was heavy upon me. I was utterly cast down. I lost my sleep and lost my appetite. I was forty years of age. Is it wrong for me, I said to myself, when half my life at the utmost is now passed, to wish for rest and happiness for the remainder of my days? All ties of blood have been broken, as completely as they could have been by death. Let me consider myself to have passed out of existence. I have nothing more to live for in this world.

One evening when I returned home late from visiting a sick person in my parish, my valet, a native of Ireland, whom I had engaged in France when about to make my visit to Saint Germain, and who had since continued in my service, told me that a young man, who would not give his name, was waiting to see me. He had shown him into my small sitting-room, and the gentleman had begged him to let no one else enter it till my return. I hastened to see my visitor, and on opening the door found myself in the arms of Patrick.

My first feeling on seeing him was one of delight; then I feared some new misfortune. As I looked at him, I saw tears in his eyes. He appeared weary and discouraged.

"What is it?" I said. "Why this silence? Oh, Patrick, what am I going to hear?" He answered in a whisper that he had many important things to tell me, but that we must

speaking low. He said that, as I had never answered his letters, he had come over to Ireland to see me on behalf of our unhappy George and Rose, to say nothing of himself. They had hoped, he continued, for my forgiveness, and that I would not have hardened my heart against them. But, if I would not aid them for their own sakes, they implored me, in the name of our father, to do so for the honor of our house.

I could not understand a word of this; and, before I could tell him so, he went on to inform me that he had learned from Fincer's daughter all that had taken place, and knew he was in danger of being arrested. This it was that had brought him by night to Killerine. At last I was able to speak, and told him that I had not received one letter from him, nor from any one in France, since I left the country, nor did I know how he could possibly have held any communication with Fincer's daughter. Then I embraced him again, and assured him that I had never ceased to love my brothers and Rose, and that they might depend on me for every service in my power.

On that he told me, prefacing his narrative with expressions of deep regret for the way they had all treated me, and for their disregard of my counsels, that even when we were living at Les Saisons, he had been the victim of a fatal passion.

"Alas!" he cried, "I had seen the most lovely, the most adorable creature in the world, who was living in a street very near the one in which we lodged in Paris, and I was desperately in love with her. I haunted the street; my sole thought was how I might contrive to see her. Had Les Saisons not been within easy distance from Paris, I would not have gone there with you. The only happiness I had was occasionally to see her at her window. I found out that she was the daughter of a M. de L——, who had long been employed by the government in negotiations with some of the petty courts of Germany. When you desired me to go to Saint Germain, and to renew fraternal rela-

tions with George, I returned to Paris the same evening, for I knew but one happiness, that of walking by night under the windows of the house where lived Mademoiselle de L——. She was about the same age as Rose, but, in addition to all the graces of youth, she had an air of maturity which made me argue well for her judgment and good sense. Ah! think what I must have felt when an opportunity presented itself of entering into communication with her!

"It was not possible I should have passed so many hours in the street without her having remarked me. There was a café opposite the house, and I stood at its door for hours. It was near midnight. I was about to quit my post, when I thought I saw several persons with lanterns quietly entering the house of M. de L——. Curiosity caused me to draw near. I noticed that the gate of the courtyard was ajar. That each person who passed through it closed it gently without catching the lock. Eighteen or twenty people had passed in, all dressed in black, but the court was in mourning at the time, and I myself was wearing a black suit. There was something respectable in the appearance of those men which made me sure they had no sinister intentions. At length, as one after another they continued to go in, I resolved to follow the next one, hoping not only to satisfy my curiosity, but possibly to obtain the chance of seeing Mademoiselle de L——, or even the happiness of speaking to her. Accordingly I followed one of them, at the distance of a yard or two, and entered the courtyard after him. Not even a torch lighted it. I followed the sound of my guide's steps, for I could barely see him. He entered a vestibule which led us into a narrow gallery, terminating in a still narrower flight of steps. Two lamps here lighted the way into what appeared to be a cellar. My guide turned round before he went down the steps, and, not recognizing my face, he only bowed. I continued to follow him, though I confess the nature of the place began to

inspire me with some uneasiness, when suddenly I found myself in a large, open space as light as day. It was indeed a cellar, but it led into a large vaulted hall, in which were assembled at least fifty persons. Most of them were seated, and were conversing in low tones. All gave me the impression of great modesty and propriety. They turned towards me as I came in, and, although my embarrassment was great, I had gone too far to draw back, and very much wished to understand the scene before me, while the air of civility and good breeding which I saw in the persons present, removed all fear of personal injury. I therefore seated myself on the chair that was nearest to me. People looked at me, and I perceived that my presence as a stranger caused them some apprehension and anxiety. But I endeavored to look undisturbed, being resolved to wait quietly, until some one should reproach me with my intrusion.

"Soon, however, there came in some ladies who were announced by a servant. All rose to receive them. This gave me an opportunity to draw back, and I waited with impatience till the ladies came in. Mademoiselle de L—— was the first to enter. I could not describe to you her loveliness, nor could I depict my own great joy at sight of her. She was not ten yards away from me. With difficulty I refrained from throwing myself at her feet. But she seated herself, together with the ladies who accompanied her. Absorbed as I was in my own sensations, I could not but wonder at the scene before me, the nature of which I was quite unable to understand.

"Had I not been reassured by the appearance of the assembly, I might have been alarmed when four men entered, carrying a large chest which they placed in the centre of the hall. They opened it, and took out something, which I recognized to be a corpse, wrapped up so as not to resemble a dead body. Again there was silence. Then a black coffin was brought in, in which they placed their dead. Without further ceremony they lowered it

into a grave that had been dug, as I now saw, at the end of the hall, and then the earth was rapidly filled in with the utmost care till no trace of its having been disturbed remained.

"Such a burial in secret might have given rise to no little suspicion, had not the whole assembly seemed so decorous, and all present impressed me with their dignity and reverence; besides I began to have an inkling of the truth, and very soon I was enlightened completely. All present drew back, and made way for a person who appeared to be in authority. They were evidently prepared to hear what he would say, and he was about to address them, when some one whispered something in his ear. They were evidently much discomposed by my presence. They separated into groups and spoke in whispers. I stood alone, with all eyes fixed on me. Mademoiselle de L—— recognized me, and pitied me. She took compassion on my embarrassing position, and, speaking with a tone of authority, such as she had a right to use in her father's house, she said that if they were alarmed by reason of my presence, they might be reassured, for that she knew me and would answer for me. Overcome by her great goodness I would have approached her, but by a glance she restrained me. Confidence being restored, a sermon was preached,—a Christian exhortation to let the death of others induce us to live worthily in preparation for our own. As I stood near Mademoiselle de L——, she managed to whisper that she would like to speak to me before I went away. I therefore remained behind, while the rest departed; then I addressed a servant, and asked him to show me into some room where I might not be seen by every one who passed by. He did this readily, as soon as I assured him it was by order of his mistress. After about a quarter of an hour, during which I experienced all the emotions of a lover, Mademoiselle de L—— came in, accompanied by an elderly lady, whom I presumed to have charge of her.

"‘I wish to know,’ she said, ‘what has brought you here, and how you contrived to enter without being acquainted with any of us?’ I told her how all had happened, when she asked me, ‘Are you a Catholic?’ I replied that I was. Then she said: ‘As a man of honor you are bound not to make a cruel use of what you have just seen. And you must give me your solemn promise to that effect.’ I protested that I had not really understood what had passed before my eyes, and that I should be deeply sorry for my intrusion, were it not that it had procured me the happiness of speaking to her. That I had seen nothing but what was excellent and edifying. That I should have been silent at any rate, but that her command would be a law to me in all things all my life. She replied that she felt I might have formed some strange conceptions respecting what I had seen, and added, ‘I had better tell you frankly that we are Protestants and Lutherans, and that, the public profession of our religion not being allowed in France, we inter our dead in secret when we can. My father, being zealous for his creed, has had the cellar in which you saw us constructed for that purpose.’ She went on to say that it was fortunate for me that he was absent, since he was a man of impetuous temper, and might have considered my presence an intrusion; but I must look on what she told me as an additional reason why I must never betray them, as she would be the first to feel the effects of her father’s displeasure. She added that her advice would be that I should seek some means of making her father’s acquaintance, soon after his return, in order to avoid any unpleasant remarks that might be made on what she had that day done for me.

"The presence of the duenna prevented me from openly expressing my sentiments, but I contrived to let her know something of what was passing in my heart. Her deep blush, and her evident dread that the lady present might overhear me, made me draw back. Then she recovered herself, and

said, as she took leave of me, that she hoped I should see her father, and give him concerning myself all necessary explanations. You may judge how delighted I was when she spoke such encouraging words. I have not told you, brother, half her charms."

Here I interrupted Patrick, assuring him that there was no need to tell me of such things. That I was always ready to give him sympathy in his joys or in his sorrows. But he implored me to let him speak of her. "I have no consolation but to talk of her!" he cried. "I must open my heart to you. How else can you know what I have lost?"

He went on: "Overwhelmed with my new happiness I felt that a lover needs a bosom friend, both as a confidant and an assistant. I should have opened my heart to you, had I not feared that the severity of your principles might lead to disapproval. My choice lay between M. des Pesses and George. I decided for the latter. As soon as I had told him he exclaimed that he was delighted I was beginning to think and act for myself, and that if *Mademoiselle de L.*— was really all I thought her, he would do everything he could to make her father’s acquaintance, especially as he considered the whole thing not a mere love affair, but my stepping-stone to fortune. ‘Is she rich?’ he asked. I said that of that I knew nothing, but that everything in the house denoted ease and abundance. ‘The younger son of a noble Irish family,’ said George, ‘must necessarily in these times set bounds to his ambition. It is a pity that her religion is not the same as ours, but I dare say she will change. The two things most important are that she should be a woman you can love, and be rich enough to enable you to keep up an establishment.’

"I went back to *Les Saisons*, but, returning to Paris that same evening, I found George had already made great progress. ‘Now,’ said he, as soon as he saw me, ‘you may judge which is your best friend, the dean or myself.

You are in a fair way to win your lady-love, and make your fortune.'

"He had been into a jeweller's shop, which was next door to the house of Monsieur de L—, and there, while making some purchases, he had adroitly asked questions concerning that gentleman. He had found out that the young lady's duenna was an elderly Irish lady, and as soon as he heard her name he determined to call on her. Our name was sure to be known to her, being an illustrious one in Irish annals.

"She received him most graciously, and after the first compliments he asked her to tell him (for reasons he would afterwards make known to her) something about M. de L— and his daughter.

"She spoke very highly of both; whereupon George told her that what she said relieved him of a great anxiety, for that his younger brother had conceived an ardent passion for Mademoiselle de L—, and for her sake was willing to renounce all hopes elsewhere of a suitable establishment. But now that he perceived how well his brother had placed his hopes, he prayed her to favor his suit, and to do for him all good offices with the young lady. He then offered her a handsome diamond, which she was not above accepting, and which probably induced her, quite as much as the knowledge of our name and rank, to reveal to him the secret feelings of Mademoiselle de L—. She said that if George's brother were the young man who for two months had watched the house, he might be satisfied. He had made on Mademoiselle de L— a great impression, which would be fully justified when she should hear his rank and name. Then George urged her to procure me the happiness of an interview with the young lady. This she absolutely refused, out of a sense of duty to M. de L—, but she did not refuse to let George see her for a few moments, during which the young lady charmed my brother.

"Now, have I not served you better than the dean could have done?" George said, as I expressed my grati-

tude, and with that he opened his mind to me concerning Rose, and asked me in my turn to assist him.

"Yet Heaven is witness, brother," Patrick continued, "how sincere is my attachment to you, and how sorry I have been for the grief and disappointment we have caused you. I have said a hundred times to George, 'He loves us with all his heart, and our ingratitude will pierce his very soul.'"

I assured him of my belief in his affection, and, after a short silence, he resumed: "That same evening I was again in the street, hoping to see Mademoiselle de L— at her window, when I perceived that the door of the courtyard again stood partly open. I crossed the street and entered the court. There I was met by a servant, who asked me what I wanted. A sudden inspiration led me to say, 'Madame Gerald,'—that was the name of the old Irish lady who did duty as a duenna.

"I was shown into a drawing-room, and she soon appeared. I made my excuses, and told her I was the brother of Lord C—, to whom she had made a promise that she would assist my happiness.

"She could do nothing, she said, until I had made the acquaintance of M. de L—. 'But,' she added, 'be seated, and let us talk of the best way to bring about what you desire.'

"She told me that M. de L— and his daughter were Lutherans, and that I might naturally be surprised to find a Catholic Irishwoman in charge of the young lady. But that she had been a near relation of Madame de L—, and had lived with her before the time when M. de L—, being in Germany, had been attracted by the religion of that country, and had embraced it with so much zeal that he had converted his wife, and in that faith they had brought up their daughter. On the return of the family to Paris M. de L— found that rumors of his change of faith had preceded him. He would willingly have gone into exile for the sake of his religion, but he had large possessions in France, and, persisting

in his ideas, he undertook, as some compensation for the constraint under which he suffered by reason of the king's edicts, to do everything in his power to give aid and comfort to his fellow-Protestants. For this purpose he had constructed for their use in his own house a place of worship, and a place of burial. Neither his wife nor his daughter, however, were so deeply attached to the Reformed Faith as himself.

"Madame de L—— had been dead two years, since which time the care of the young lady had been confided to Madame Gerald. The good lady assured me," continued Patrick, "that mademoiselle had constantly observed me from the window, and was not indifferent to me; all now depended, she assured me, on the good opinion of M. de L—— concerning me. The want of fortune upon my part would not be an obstacle. Mademoiselle de L—— was an heiress, well able to enrich the man she loved. The only difficulty might be the difference of religion. 'But if her father should object only on that score,' added the good lady, 'we have already decided that you must wait either till his death, or until she comes of age, and can use her liberty.'

"Ah, madame!" I cried, kissing her hands, 'you are doing more to promote my happiness than I could have dared to expect from either friend or fortune; but oh! grant me the bliss of seeing Mademoiselle de L——.' Therewith I offered her all the money I possessed, the thousand silver pistoles I had brought from Ireland. My request was granted. I will not tell you what passed between the object of my adoration and myself. I was in Paradise for two hours.

"On returning to Les Saisons I considered myself under an obligation to assist in George's plans. Unhappily, you heard the rest, though indeed I ought to tell you that it was long before Rose could be persuaded to do anything that she felt would be contrary to your wishes.

"Meantime Lord Lynch had fallen passionately in love with Rose, but, so

far as I could judge, the love was all on his side; she only looked upon him as a rich suitor.

"The day approached at last for the return of M. de L——, and George had formed a plot by which we hoped to introduce ourselves to his notice in the most favorable manner. We had ascertained him to be a man austere and violent, whom it might be difficult to approach in any ordinary way.

"George dressed two of his own lackeys, and two of those of Lord Lynch, as soldiers, armed them with pistols, and placed them on the highway with orders to attack the carriage. We were on horseback not far off, so that by spurring our horses we arrived in the nick of time just as M. de L—— became conscious of danger. The pistols were fired off, and a skirmish ensued, calculated to give the impression that we were risking our lives to save that of the traveller. We found him trembling, crouched at the bottom of his carriage. But when he found that we were masters of the field of battle, his gratitude knew no bounds. We answered modestly that we were glad to have done him service, and we escorted him to the gates of Paris, declining to give him our address, though assuring him it would not be long before we gave ourselves the pleasure of seeing him.

"His daughter and Madame Gerald were in the secret. We called on him that same day, and were received with the utmost gratitude. M. de L—— presented us to his daughter, and begged us to consider his house our own. Mademoiselle de L—— and I believed ourselves to be on the very summit of happiness. I wanted to confide the whole affair to you, but George would not hear of my doing so. He was sure, he said, that the religious difference would excite your zeal and lead you to oppose our wishes.

"Such was the situation of our affairs when that painful day occurred at Les Saisons, which broke up our family, and led to our separation from you. Alas! that day was the beginning of sorrows. I am here, over-

whelmed with my own griefs, and the griefs of others; George is in prison, and may never be set free, and Rose is in a convent, not by her own wish, but of necessity, for she cannot leave it without the loss of her virtue and her honor.

"However, to resume my story. We went to Paris where George had engaged a house, and where Rose was to be fitted out previous to her appearance at court. M. de Sercines and Lord Lynch returned to Saint Germain. The day after our arrival I proposed to Rose to visit Mademoiselle de L——, who appeared charmed to see my sister, and at first Rose seemed equally delighted with her. During this visit, as we three were alone together, Mademoiselle de L—— and I permitted ourselves many expressions of mutual affection and esteem. Rose withdrew by degrees from the conversation. I began to regret that in a first visit we had not shown more self-restraint in her presence. I therefore proposed to her to return home, a proposition she at once accepted.

"When we reached home I spoke to Rose about the change I had observed in her during our visit, saying that I had hoped that she and the lady we had visited would have been fast friends. Rose made me at first no answer, but, being pressed, she told me frankly, that what troubled her was to witness the affection that seemed to subsist between Mademoiselle de L—— and myself. 'It made me feel,' she said, 'that I could never feel for Lord Lynch as she felt for you. I cannot love him. I would rather die than be forced into a loveless marriage. Oh! how happy Mademoiselle de L—— seemed to me. How happy she was in responding to the love you showed for her! I too could have loved as she loves. Oh, Patrick, can you do nothing to deliver me from a fate I dread?'

"My dear Rose,' I said, 'nobody wants to make you marry against your wishes. But we have been all deceived. You never before showed any repugnance to Lord Lynch; who in

point of rank and fortune would be an excellent match for you. But I promise you you shall not be forced to marry him or anybody else against your will.'

"At that moment the door of George's chamber opened, and on the threshold appeared, to our amazement, Milord Lynch. He had entered the house before we came in, and had gone into the private room of George, who was absent, intending to surprise us, or perhaps to surprise our secrets. In fury and despair he flung himself into an armchair before Rose. At first there was profound silence. Then I spoke, saying to Lord Lynch that, as he had heard all, I doubted not that as a gentleman he would show kindness and consideration to my sister by giving her back her word.

"No!' he said, 'no!' Then, turning to Rose, he cried, 'I will show no such kindness—no such consideration! You are mine! Mine by your own consent, by the promise of your brothers, by the authority of the king himself. I am not to be cheated out of my rights!'

"Rose was about to leave the room when he stepped roughly before her, insisting that she should not stir until George arrived. His brutality angered me. I spoke to him with severity. This somewhat cooled him, and he set off in search of George, who was in attendance on his friend and patron, the duke, whom you knew. This scene left Rose and myself very miserable.

"When George came home he at once took the position of a true gentleman. The suit of Lord Lynch was, he said, at an end, since he had not been able to make himself acceptable to Rose. 'But we must now consider,' he added, 'how we may justify ourselves in other eyes for our breach of faith, for we have encouraged Lord Lynch's suit, and now refuse him.'

"Lord Lynch had been very violent in his interview with George, and left him, saying that unless he had a favorable answer the next day, he would most certainly take vengeance on us both.

"Some days, however, elapsed, and we heard nothing more of him. During this interval we were informed by M. des Pesses of your departure. Rose fainted; I was deeply grieved, and George would have set out at once to bring you back, had he not found out you had been gone several days, and must have embarked before he could reach you.

"Not hearing from Lynch, we began to hope he had thought better of his design to be revenged on us, and were preparing to take Rose to Saint Germain, when an Irish gentleman waited on us with two letters. I opened mine with a presentiment of evil. Alas! its contents grew worse and worse at every line. Lynch thanked me ironically for my good offices, and said he returned me service for service in our love-affairs. He was incapable, he said, of treachery, and therefore wished to inform me himself that he had seen M. de L——, and had told him everything about my acquaintance with his daughter. He had also informed him that I was a mere fortune-hunter, a penniless younger son; that I had made his acquaintance by means of a plot, assisted by false highwaymen; that I had run no danger in defending him,—and, in short, had said everything he could think of that would excite M. de L—— against me. He said, in conclusion, that he was ready to fight me. My brother's letter was a simple challenge, in which place and hour for the encounter were named. George glanced at it, and replied, even before I had read my letter, that we should be punctually at the place named.

"It was eight in the morning, the meeting was to be at ten. My brother said coldly that he was sorry this had happened, as it would derange all our plans. 'Look at this!' I cried, 'and see into what despair I am thrown.' And I handed him my letter.

"But time pressed. We had a long distance to go. George's coolness irritated me. 'You do not seem to pity me,' I said. 'You do not seem to pity Rose, who will be left unprotected and

unprovided for, if fate goes against us.' He answered that, in such circumstances as ours, it was best to think of nothing that might move our feelings, and proposed that we should set out immediately. Rose, who was still asleep, knew nothing of our departure.

"Our adversaries were on hand. They were two in number, and two valets were with them in charge of their horses. We were on foot. George drew his sword. Lord Lynch then ordered his servants to retire to a distance, and perceiving that we were on foot, said: 'If you are the victors I make you a present of my horses, on which you may make your escape.' This was generous on his part. He then made a sign that he wished me for his adversary. He fought fiercely, and I soon perceived it was his design to kill me. At last I was wounded in the arm. George, who was fighting with the second of Lord Lynch, seeing my blood flow, grew furious, and, in his excitement, passed his sword through the body of his opponent, who fell dead. George rushed at once to help me, but, as he did so, I gave Lord Lynch so severe a wound in the thigh that he fell to the earth, and offered me his sword. I returned it at once. He received it in silence. But, seeing us about to call his people to take charge of him, he generously renewed his offer of his horses, saying that we must lose no time in making our escape.

"But, whatever might be our danger, we felt constrained to return to Paris before providing for our safety by flight. We had not gone far, when Lord Lynch, believing himself dying, sent one of his servants to call us back. He desired his people to retire out of ear-shot, while he spoke to us his last words. Then, in a weak voice, he said that, confiding in our honor, he made us the depositaries of an important secret. A secret of importance both to Church and State, which might serve to prevent our prosecution both for his own death, and the death of Plunket, his second. 'We too,' said he, 'were in possession of a treasure

which has been long in the care of our families. The greater part is in holy vessels once belonging to Roman Catholic Cathedrals, and to rich abbeys in Ireland. These things are hidden in a secret place in the midst of a dense forest. Though many persons know that the treasure is in our care, none knew its hiding-place but Plunket and my father. But recently, since there seems no hope of re-establishing our religion in Ireland, my father and Plunket had agreed to place these valuables in the hands of King James, to be disposed of according to his piety and wisdom. In addition to the Church plate the hiding-place contains large sums of money, contributed by Catholics in all parts of Ireland, and placed in our hands till a favorable opportunity may offer of remitting them to France. My father on his death-bed revealed to me this secret, and Plunket and I were here to find means of removing this treasure to Saint Germain. The king knows of our design, but not where the treasure is buried. You will know by this plan,' he continued, drawing a paper from his pocket, 'and Plunket has a similar one on his person. Make what use of it you please, so long as it serves your safety and your honor.'

"Here he grew faint, but made us a sign to take the duplicate paper from Plunket's person, and added that he forgave us his untimely end. With that we left him, for we knew ourselves to be in deadly peril.

"The French king had shown himself severe and inflexible on the subject of duelling. We were both anxious to provide protection for Rose, and I would have given my life to know how Mademoiselle de L—— and her father had received the communication of Lord Lynch. We had still a few hours before us, as we thought, before the fact of our duel would be known. George went home to confer with Rose, and to get some of the money he had brought from Ireland. He was then to go to the residence of the Duke de ——, where I was to join him.

"A thousand thoughts agitated my bosom. Horror at having witnessed a sudden death, and my dread of what I might learn on reaching the residence of M. de L——. I knocked softly. A man I did not know opened the door. I gave my name, and he showed me into the vestibule, which led down to the mysterious cellar. There four men seized me, though not roughly, and took away my sword. I asked them the meaning of all this, and they told me I had nothing to fear. They led me into the cellar where I had been once before, and soon M. de L—— came in, accompanied by his daughter and Madame Gerald. I began to speak, but he stopped me. He seated himself at a table, and placed his daughter opposite to me. Then he drew his sword, and placed its point at my stomach. At this his daughter gave a cry of alarm. He ordered her to be silent, and, turning to me, said: 'You thought it a good joke to frighten me. I do the same by you. I do not mean to kill you if you obey me. If you do not, you are a dead man. You have deceived me; you have basely stolen the affections of my daughter. You have obtained from her vows of love and fidelity—vows which she pleads as an excuse for not obeying me. Now I call on you to give her back those vows and promises. If you hesitate, I shall run you through the body.'

"I looked towards Mademoiselle de L—— to see what she desired. It was almost dark, but I could see how pale her face was, and all bathed in tears. I answered firmly that M. de L—— could, if he pleased, take my life, but that I would not by any act of mine lose the sole happiness for which I cared to live. But I added: 'The honorable nature of my suit, and my high birth, deserve neither your hatred nor your disdain.' He interrupted me, saying that he would run his sword through my body. At this his daughter sank fainting on the floor. He loved his child. He flung away his sword, and hastened to raise her, thrusting me aside.

"Madame Gerald took this oppor-

tunity of saying to me in Irish that I was wrong to fling away my life, and to imperil that of her young lady, for a piece of Lutheran folly, disregard of which could not affect my honor or my love; that, as I could be certain I was loved, I risked nothing by renouncing rights which I must surely know would be restored to me; and that she would hereafter tell me how much she and her dear charge had had to suffer.

"The moment *Mademoiselle de L—* came to herself her father sprang at me with renewed fury. His daughter, pale and trembling, said faintly: 'Monsieur, think only of your own life.'

"My agitation was excessive. I was sure she would be faithful, but I felt deeply reluctant to yield to the violence offered me. At last, however, I made the promise demanded of me. This did not satisfy *M. de L—*. He required me to swear. Then, turning to his daughter, he said: 'Now you are free. All here present are witnesses. As for you,' he added, turning to me, 'if you think you can bring me into trouble because of my religion, you will find yourself mistaken. I have obeyed all the edicts of the king. No religious ceremony has ever taken place here but that of interment. I do not fear you.'

"I replied that he had formed a very false idea of my sentiments. I was then led away, having only time to glance at *Mademoiselle de L—*, and to assure her by my looks of my unalterable fidelity.

"What comforted me, as I quitted the house where I had passed such hours of hope and happiness, was that *Madame Gerald's* words implied a promise that she would see me shortly.

"I had promised to join *George* at the residence of the Duke de —, and was on my way thither, when, as I passed near our own house, I met *M. des Pesses*, who, without giving me time for any explanation, hurried me into a hired carriage waiting round the corner of the street. 'I am most fortunate in finding you,' he said breathlessly; 'I thought you would come this

way, and I have been waiting for you half an hour.'

"I found out in a few moments that he knew all. I asked him if he had seen *George*. 'Alas, no!' he said, 'but let me first put you into a place of safety.' These words filled me with apprehension. 'My brother is arrested!' I cried. He could not deny it. In my excitement I could not refrain a cry, and tried to jump out of the carriage. *Des Pesses* had great difficulty in restraining me. Then he told me that, the servants of Lord Lynch having given information of the duel, *George* had been arrested in his own house, and taken to the Bastille. He had obtained leave to send word of his misfortune to the Duke de —, who had at once hastened to offer his protection to *Rose*. But his offers of assistance must have been unfavorably received, for she had at once written to summon *M. des Pesses*. 'The duke was there when I arrived,' he said, 'but your sister thanked him with very cold politeness, and he went away. Seals had been placed on all your property. I proposed to your charming sister,' he went on, 'to place her under the care of a lady who is one of my friends, but she insisted that the first thing I did should be if possible to find you. I have therefore been waiting for you at the corner of this street.'

"He took me to a place of concealment and then went back to *Rose*, whom, at her earnest request, he escorted to a convent of English nuns. The duke, I learned afterwards, had insulted her with dishonorable offers of ease and riches, and I felt, as she had done, that only in a convent could she protect her honor.

"In vain *Des Pesses* tried to see my brother in the Bastille; in vain he visited our friends at Saint Germain, and secured the influence of our own king in our favor. Lord Lynch, I was happy to hear, was not mortally wounded, and King James would have readily pardoned us the death of *Plunket*, as the duel was fought honorably, had it been in England, but the offence had been committed in France. As we

had acquired French property we were subject to French laws, and our last hope failed us when we found that nothing was to be expected from the intervention of our exiled king.

"Not only did M. des Pesses exert himself in every way to secure our pardon and our safety, but on my confessing to him my great anxiety to know what had taken place at the house of M. de L—— he undertook to make enquiries in that direction. He learned that Madame Gerald and her young lady had left Paris for Germany, escorted by two servants. But he brought me a letter, in which Madame Gerald told me that she knew not where they were being sent, but that when the journey ended she would write to me. Meantime, I might be certain Mademoiselle de L—— would continue to love me, with the fidelity she hoped from me in return.

"Alas, brother, you cannot enter into my feelings. No letters have reached me from Madame Gerald. Nearly four months have passed since, and I am utterly miserable.

"All that our friends have been able to obtain for us has been a stay of the proceedings. M. des Pesses has seen George in prison. Lord Lynch has recovered, and we thought ourselves bound in honor to return him his papers. He was much touched by our generosity in this matter, and has exerted himself for us to the uttermost. But his love for Rose has had something to do with this, he having obtained from her a promise that if he could succeed in obtaining pardon for her brothers she would reward him with her hand.

"All, however, was useless, even a visit that King James on our behalf paid to Versailles. Once or twice I ventured into Paris under a false name, and once I was enabled to visit George in prison.

"But poor Rose! She persists in considering herself the cause of all our misfortunes, and insists that it was in expiation that she made her promise to Lord Lynch.

"Our property has been all seized

and we are without means of support. As long as I had hopes that Les Saisons would be returned to us I did not hesitate to borrow from M. des Pesses, who opened his purse to me with the utmost generosity. I wrote to you repeatedly, but you made me no answer. I implored you to come to Paris and to take charge of Rose. My letters must have been lost, as you say they never reached you. At last, in despair, I resolved to come over to Ireland and try to revive your former affection. M. des Pesses again furnished money for my travelling expenses. I wrote to you a week ago, from London, announcing my intended arrival. But the ship in which I left Holyhead landed me at Cork. My land journey, as my means were exhausted, was most uncomfortable and fatiguing. Last night darkness overtook me in a deluge of rain. I was near our old friend Finner's house, and went up to it to ask for shelter. His daughter received me with great civility, but some embarrassment. But at last, finding I knew nothing of what had happened to her father, she told me all. She also gave me to understand that I was not safe in Ireland, and she advised me to wait till the next night before I made my way to Killerine."

I pressed Patrick to my heart at the close of his recital. I wept upon his shoulder. "O, Patrick!" I cried, "dear Patrick! what use have you made of my advice? Why have you never sought the help of Heaven? You and George and Rose have all trusted to yourselves, and what has come of it?"

But I could not bear to grieve him by my reproaches. We sat down together at table. He still kept on telling me fresh particulars of their misfortunes. I could not eat for asking questions.

Suddenly there came a loud knocking at my door. It was opened at once by my servants, who were without suspicion. Eight armed men presented themselves, with an officer, who told Patrick that they arrested him by order of the viceroy, and were to carry him to Dublin Castle.

The officer was civil and endeavored

to excuse himself, saying he must obey his orders. But I saw at once that the arrest was an outcome of the affair of Fincer, and that my brother had betrayed himself by writing to me of his intention to return to Ireland. It was evident that the government had opened and detained all my letters, and Patrick's last letter to me had informed them of almost the day and hour when he would be at Killerine.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE FRENCH IN TUNIS.
BY COUNT GLEICHEN.

I THINK that the impression left on the mind of the ordinary traveller, after a scamper along the coast towns of Tunis and a stay of twelve days in Tunis town and round Bizerta, would be that, as regards their occupation of the country, the French have done very well indeed. Such, at all events, were my impressions, when passing rapidly through the country last January, on sport and sight-seeing intent.

I own that, with the usual British idea that no one is of any use at colonizing besides ourselves, I had expected to find a country but one degree, or perhaps two degrees at the most, more civilized than, say, Marocco. And behold! in every townlet is a post and telegraph office, excellently well built for the most part, with sober Arabs in their burnouses and bare legs, writing telegrams and filling up money-orders; a network of wires and *télégraphes optiques* and good roads and communications and postal deliveries extending throughout the country; the land under cultivation, with natives at work everywhere, under the olive-trees and behind the plough; harbor works and jetties and quays being constructed at nearly all the sea-ports, channels dredged and lighthouses built; and, in the bigger towns, boulevards and gas-lamps and *cafés-concerts* and brandy shops—in fact the whole work of civilization in full swing. Nearly thirteen years, it is true, have elapsed since the outrageously high-handed proceedings of

France gave her practical command of the country, and no doubt under British rule the country would have reached its present stage of development six years ago or more. But yet it came on me as a surprise to find that the French had so quickly and thoroughly utilized the bitter experiences gained by them in subduing and colonizing Algeria, and had turned what was in truth a barbarous country twenty years ago into an outwardly flourishing and respectable community.

I say "outwardly flourishing" for choice; for in the first place such a short stay as was mine is not conducive to discovering much of the internal florescence of a country; and in the second place signs are not wanting that, from a French point of view at all events, the colonization and development of the land will not proceed at such a rapid pace as it has hitherto done. The reason is the same one as that which saps the roots of the growth of France as a great nation. Money is there, organization is there (in a high degree), official energy is there, but—the French population is wanting. In the words of one of the men whose skill originated and effected the occupation, "Il faut peindre pour attirer les colons!" but if there is no surplus population in France from which to draw the colonists, you may paint till you are blue in the face and no colonists will come. Whilst, in Tunis town itself, the Maltese have, since the occupation, increased in round numbers from eight thousand to thirteen thousand, and the Italians have more than doubled, till there are in this town alone over twenty thousand, besides nearly thirty thousand more in the country, the French population has remained almost absolutely stationary, so that if one deducts the troops and officials of all sorts there remain not more than two thousand genuine French *colons* in the town, besides a floating French town population of two thousand more, who contribute nothing to the prosperity of the country.

And the same is true with regard to the rest of the "Regency." The last

census (1891) gave the grand total of 10,030 French civilians, men, women, and children throughout the country, including Tunis town. If we take the official classes at twenty-five hundred, and the French (unofficial) inhabitants of Tunis town at four thousand, there remains but thirty-five hundred French civilian subjects in the whole of the rest of the country.

This is indeed a serious consideration for the French, and a state of things for which one can see no future remedy. It will bring the country more and more into the hands of foreigners, and who knows what it may not lead to? In the great war, which everybody expects will take place in the next three or four years—as they have been expecting ever since 1871—France is quite certain to take an important rôle. With her hands full by sea and land, and fighting perhaps three or more great powers, what more likely than that the tribes of Algeria and Tunis will rise, as Algeria did in 1871, and that with the help of the population of Italians in Tunis—not of the most law-abiding description at the best of times—they will make the most strenuous efforts to turn out their hated conquerors? And then perhaps Italy will have her revenge for the events of 1881, and Tunis will change hands—who knows?

There is little doubt that Tunis will play an important part in the future of the Mediterranean. Look at the map. Nearly half-way between Gibraltar and the Suez Canal, and opposite the narrow channel between Sicily and Cape Bon, through which passes the main stream of traffic to the East, lies this newly annexed bit of French territory. From its geographical position alone, its value must be of such importance to the State that possesses it, that whether we look upon it as a source of strength or of weakness, in either case it is certain to become a point for the occupation of which the enemies of the power in possession will strive to the uttermost.

Let us see whether Tunis is a source of strength, or of weakness, to France.

Tunis fell into the hands of her conqueror by what one might almost call pure good luck, so favorable were the circumstances. Although France had been trying for the past thirty years to get a secure footing in the country, she had never previously met with such excellent opportunities as occurred in the spring of 1881. The Société Franco-Africaine had just succeeded, against all Tunisian and Mahomedan opposition, in purchasing the late prime minister's huge property of the Enfidá, and this property was being claimed back by a Jew, backed up, it was said, by foreign influence. French railway susceptibilities were deeply hurt at having lost the Tunis-Goletta Railway to an Italian company; there was a strong minister in Paris, and an exceedingly weak old bey at Tunis. What more was wanted? Only a rising of Kroumirs on the Algerian border, and that was easily managed at a month's notice. All went like clock-work, and, within six weeks of the opening of operations, the bey had signed away the independence of his country, and Tunis was in French hands.

The curious part of the story is that France had not, on first commencing operations against the Kroumirs, intended to attempt the annexation of the country. All she desired was to obtain a certain footing, and perhaps a little land besides. This was a well-known fact at the time, whilst the aims of the French commanders themselves did not extend beyond securing, at the most, two or three "strategical points," such as Kef, Tabarca, and Bizerta. But when a hungry man finds a ripe apple hanging at the level of his mouth he usually picks it, and so it was with the French. Having pretended to chastise the Kroumirs, and having found no further opposition of any sort in Tunis, they occupied the strategical points and pushed on. Tunis gossip has it that orders were sent from Paris to hold hard, but that they were wilfully disregarded. This may not be true, but there is no doubt about the sequel. The powers, and especially Italy, were confounded at this uncalled-

for aggression, but what intensified the anger of the Italians four-fold was that, with the additional advantage of a huge resident colony, they might have done exactly the same thing themselves if they had only thought of it.

Once landed in the country by this wave of good luck, the French gasped and looked about them. They were not long in establishing themselves firmly. With exceedingly wise forethought they recognized that if they labelled Tunis a protectorate instead of a possession, they would not only keep other powers from interfering with them, but would secure the internal administration of the country at little or no cost to themselves. So the farce was kept up. The bey was continued as nominal ruler, and all the taxes that he collected were utilized as revenue for improving and opening up the country for the benefit of the French. Every penny that has been spent on the roads, buildings, ports, telegraphs and communications that so excite the admiration of the casual tourist, even to the salaries of all civil officials, French or otherwise, has come out of the country itself. The only money spent in the country by the Republic is that devoted to the maintenance of the French troops; even France herself had not the hardihood to ask the bey to pay for these. The name of protectorate was shortly exchanged for that of regency, and the French governor was termed a resident-general. And finally, there are still, to keep up appearances, French consuls and vice-consuls in the different ports.

So far, good — nay more, excellent. And when one looks on the development of the country, the peace that reigns around, the apparent acquiescence of natives in the rule of the French, and the measures adopted by the latter for strengthening their hold, one is tempted to exclaim: "Perfect! what a valuable possession, and what a source of strength to France in the Mediterranean!"

But there is another side to the picture.

Ever since her acquisition of Tunis

in 1881, France has been watched with jealous eyes by at least four great powers: Great Britain, Germany, Austria, and Italy. Turkey forms a fifth State that looks with the utmost suspicion on the movements of the French, and this more particularly with regard to her cherished province of Tripoli, which bounds Tunis on the south-east. Italy, as every one knows, is intensely hostile to France for a variety of reasons, the greatest of all perhaps being the one we are treating of. She is also the nearest of the European States in point of actual distance. Germany and Austria, as forming with Italy the other parties of the Triple Alliance, are bound to keep a watchful eye on France's doings all over the world, for their own sakes as well as for that of their ally. Great Britain of course too, for the obvious reason that naval supremacy in the Mediterranean is absolutely essential to her very existence as a great power.

Now, the indirect influence which these powers have in preventing France from making the most of her new possession is immense. It appears on every side, though it is of course more apparent from a political point of view than from that of internal development.

The first thing to which France had to turn her attention in Tunis was the means by which she was to secure permanently her possession. In a country thus geographically situated, it was absolutely necessary to secure possession by force of arms, that is to say, by despatching troops into the country, and by fortifying the weak points on the coast and in the interior. Fortification of the coast line might perhaps have been avoided by an increase of the French navy, but this would have necessitated the construction of additional ships and of an elaborate system of mines, torpedo-boats, and lookout stations, besides pre-supposing complete supremacy in the adjacent waters. With Malta close at hand, and with no time to construct an extra fleet — even imagining that the bey would be kind enough to pay for it — it was no doubt

simpler and cheaper to draft in troops from Algeria, and to strengthen coast defences with the help of the Tunisian Budget.

Of all the places along the coast-line, none was more worthy of being defended than Bizerta. As all the world now knows, thanks chiefly to the writings of certain German strategists, who were the first to give publicity to its enormous importance, the town of Bizerta stands at the narrow entrance to the finest harbor in the map of Europe, the lake of Bizerta, which is in itself "large enough and deep enough to shelter the fleets of the world," besides being protected by hills on all sides from any wind that blows. Even were there only a small harbor here, the strategical importance of its position would necessitate the extension of harbor works and the erection of batteries in its defence. This place had long been looked upon with greedy eyes by France and the desire for its occupation was undoubtedly one of the chief incentives to the annexation of 1881. Therefore one might be justified in concluding that, during the past thirteen years, the entrance to this harbor would have been rendered absolutely impregnable by sea and by land, that arsenals would have been erected, torpedo-stations built, and the whole surroundings converted into a *place forte* of the first order.

But it is not so. At present the defences of Bizerta are limited to a battery of field-guns in an ancient fort, and several rows of little red wooden pegs stuck about on the summit of various small hills overlooking the town. These pegs no doubt denote the sites of future works, and one or two roads in their direction have been commenced or laid out, also with red pegs; but at the present time nothing further has been done, nor is anything being done. It is true that the works for the new canal are in full swing, and that the latter is nearly finished; but one would have thought that the defences would have come first and the canal afterwards.

The reason for this otherwise inex-

plicable delay is to be found in the attitude of the great powers aforesaid. If an apparent explanation is to be found in the fact that in 1881 France promised not to erect defences at Bizerta, one may well ask, "Why then these red pegs?" or, to take a similar case, "Why is Batoum so strongly fortified?" No. The true explanation is that as long as the eyes of hostile powers are fixed on Bizerta, and take note, by diplomatic action or otherwise, of any formidable preparations on the part of France there or elsewhere in the country, so long will France hesitate to take serious action with regard to strengthening her defences.

The Tripolitan frontier is another case very much in point. With a view to attracting into Tunis the huge stream of commerce from the interior of Africa, of which for many years Ghadamès has been the collecting-point, and which from thence finds its main outlet through the ports of Tripoli, the French have been gradually edging southwards in the direction of that town. But sleepy old Turkey, however indifferent she may be to her European interests, has kept her African eye very wide open indeed, and has no intention whatever of allowing any tampering with her lucrative channels of commerce in this direction. French troops have been trickling down towards the frontier for some time past, and a nicely connected series of little posts have been established on the edge of the Saharan region. But Turkey has made a counter-move, and there is now a considerable Turkish force within easy reach of the Tripolitan frontier. The settlement of the boundary-line itself is a much-vexed question, for, as on the Moorish frontier of Algeria, the district through which it is most likely to pass is inhabited by nomad tribes, to whom the name of "scientific frontier" conveys no idea whatever. As long as their sheep and cattle find good pasturage it is completely immaterial to them where they pitch their tents, and whether it is Turkey or France that claims sovereignty over them. This state of things.

affords excellent opportunity for claims and counter-claims on either side, so that the Franco-Turkish Boundary Commission, which met some time ago on the spot, is likely to have a prolonged session. Several matters on which the representatives of the two countries could not agree have been forwarded to Constantinople for settlement, and it is not impossible that some considerable time may elapse before the necessary decisions are given by the Sublime Porte. Nor is it likely that these will be favorable to France.

Now to meet these concentrations of Turkish troops, it is only natural that France would much like to move an equal number of troops to her side of the frontier. But here again, and very much *à propos*, the indirect influence of other powers steps in, and, much to her disgust, France is not allowed to do herself justice and bring more troops into the country. How long this deadlock is likely to continue is a question for diplomatists to solve.

Other cases of this influence might be easily adduced, but the above instances are sufficient for the purposes of this article.

Thus it happens that at present Tunis is to France somewhat as a nut wrapped up in a bit of paper is to a monkey at the Zoo. He is in a desperate hurry to get at his treasure and make the most of it, but whenever he sits down in a corner to undo his precious parcel, half-a-dozen other monkeys make for him, and compel him to postpone the operation. Perhaps the monkey will eventually get at the contents of his parcel, but it will take time, and possibly by then his teeth will have become too feeble to crack it.

I have already referred to the stagnant state of the French colonists as regards numbers, and I would now add that, as regards enterprise, they are in no better a position. It may be that the dearth of numbers has a good deal to do with this want of French commercial energy, but the fact remains that private enterprise in the country is in the hands, not of Frenchmen, but of foreigners. Comparing French with

British colonists, the latter go to a far country, bag and baggage, determined to make their home and their money in the land of their adoption. If they succeed in making their fortune there, in a few cases they come back to England to enjoy it; in the vast majority they remain out there to open up the country, and to add to their increasing thousands. Not so the French *colon*. In most instances his transference to the new country is the result not so much of choice as of necessity. Instead of his being drawn from the overflowing young blood of a nation which is eager to make itself new outlets for its energy, and is anxious to implant in the new land some of the vigor it has inherited from its mother-country, the French *colon* comes sadly over because his country can hold him no more. He cultivates his little patch of ground with one eye on *la belle France* and the other on his potatoes, and when he has scraped together enough to allow him to live in comfort in the land of his forefathers, returns thither, and strives to forget he has ever left it.

I have above given the numbers of the Christian population of the country, and, in order to show the proportion of farmers to the whole, have now only to add that, of the total figure of ten thousand and thirty French subjects, only six hundred and nineteen are returned as *agriculteurs*. The native population, by the way, amounts to only one and a half million souls in the whole country, so that there is plenty of room for intending immigrants. As regards the land itself, it is by nature extremely fertile. With the help of irrigation, by means of artesian wells in the southern parts and by water-channels from the numerous rivers in the northern half, it would return large profits to any capitalists who might feel inclined to sink a little money in this direction. Even as it is, the country round Tunis town and at the foot of the hills to the north-west is in a high state of cultivation, and an artesian well sunk near Gabès (in the south) has produced extraordinary results on the sandy soil in the neighborhood. But yet, with all these openings

for enterprise, there are huge tracts of land either wholly uncultivated or only scratched at intervals by the primitive plough of the native householder. The export of wheat, barley, esparto grass (to be had almost for the pulling) and pulse, already brings in a sum of £700,000 per annum, but this could be doubled, and perhaps trebled, if intelligent European colonists were only at hand to develop the natural riches of the country. They are, however, not to be had for love or money, and as long as France holds the reins it will always remain so.

What, in the name of common sense, one may well ask, is the use of France trying to extend her empire throughout the world by means of colonies in Senegambia, the Sahara, the Congo, Cochin China, the Pacific, Siam, Timbuctu, and elsewhere, when she has got barely enough children with which to populate the mother-country? And yet the earth-grabbing fever has attacked her too. It is useful, no doubt, when things are becoming a little too warm at home, to distract public attention by getting up small disturbances on other continents, and annexing more land from innocent and helpless nations, but is it wise? After the shouts of "La Patrie" and "La Gloire" have died away, after the victorious general and his troops have returned home to be felicitated and decorated, and after the bits of paper to which unwitting chiefs have affixed their mark have been carefully docketed as treaties and laid away in the Bureaux des Affaires Etrangères, what then? The administrator goes out to the new colony, gets things a bit in order, and sits down to wait for colonists. A few doubtful characters turn up, who make what they can out of their new acquisition and quickly disappear. The natives are, perhaps, not yet quite happy in their minds, and may necessitate more troops being sent out to keep them in order. And the colonists who are going to reap the benefit of this annexation, and turn the country into a new source of profit and joy for themselves and La France,

where are they? Conspicuously absent, and ever will be.

Each new colony, instead of being an acquisition to France, means so much more out of her pocket, so many more miles of frontier to defend, and so many more square miles of anxiety and trouble. It is strange that this view does not present itself to Frenchmen, but so far it appears to have escaped their notice.

I think that if we take these matters into consideration, we shall come to the conclusion that the prosperity of Tunis is a good deal more apparent than real. Although the development of the country has cost France nothing, still, none of her life-blood has been infused into her new colony, and the efforts of her rulers from Paris have been frustrated by foreign influence.

French Tunis is now but a sickly sapling, planted in a valuable soil. In spite of every care lavished upon it, it shows but a few blossoms where it should be putting forth branches and gaining strength to stand upright. A time may come when the sapling will hold up its head and become a credit to its Algerian parent-tree, but at present it seems more likely to prove a source of anxiety to its owner, who is prevented by his neighbors from fencing it round and may wake up some morning to find that somebody else has hewn down his sapling and has planted in its soil a more vigorous cutting of his own. Which little allegory is intended to show that, in my humble opinion at least, Tunis is a source more of weakness than of strength to its present owner.

From Temple Bar.

A CANOE VOYAGE ON A FRENCH RIVER.

BEFORE starting upon a long-thought-of voyage down the Dronne—a charming little river in south-western France—I resolved to make the canoe look as beautiful as possible, so that it might produce a favorable impression upon the natives of the regions through which it was going to pass. I had

learnt from experience that when one can take the edge off suspicion by giving oneself or one's belongings a respectable appearance, that does not cost much, it is well to do it.

Therefore, I sent the bare-footed Hélie, who always helped me when I had any dirty work on hand, to buy some paint. Having first puttied up all the cracks and crevices, we laid the paint on, and as the color chosen was a very pale green, the effect was anything but vulgar. When the boat was put on the water again it looked like a floating willow-leaf of rather uncommon size.

Now, between the river Isle, where I was, and the Dronne, where I wished to be, there was an obstacle in the shape of some twelve miles of hilly country. A light cart was accordingly hired to convey the canoe and ourselves (I was accompanied on this adventure by an English boy named Hugh, sixteen years old, and just let loose from school) to the point at which I had decided to commence the voyage down stream. We left at five in the morning, when the sun was gilding the yellow tufts and the motionless long leaves of the maize-field. When we were fairly off, with the boat—in which we were seated—stretching many feet in the rear of the very small cart, the most anxious member of the party was the horse, for he had never carried such a queer load as this before, and the novelty of the sensation caused by the weight far behind completely upset his notions of propriety. His conduct was especially strange while going uphill, for then he would stop short from time to time and make an effort to look round, as if uncertain whether it was all a hideous dream, or whether he was really growing out behind in the form of a crocodile.

The peasants whom we met on the road stood still and gazed with eyes and mouths wide open until we were out of sight. They had never seen people travelling in a boat before, on dry land. When they heard we were English all was explained: *Ces diables d'Anglais sont capables de tout.*

While crossing the country in this fashion we passed a spot on the high-road, where a man was getting ready to thresh his wheat. He had prepared the place by spreading over it a layer of cow-dung, and levelling it with his bare feet until it was quite smooth and hard. It is in this way that the threshing-floors are usually made.

"You see that *type*?" said the young man who was driving, and who balanced himself on the edge of a board.

"Yes."

"Well, he owns more land than any other peasant about here, and is rich, and yet, rather than turn a bit of his ground into a threshing-floor he brings his corn where you see him, and threshes it upon the road."

I said to myself that this man was not the first to discover that one way to get on is to trespass as much as possible upon the rights of that easy-going neighbor called the Public.

The hills between the two valleys were, for the most part, wooded with natural forest, with a dense undergrowth of heather and gorse. As soon as we began to descend towards the Dronne the great southern broom, six or eight feet high, was seen in splendid flower upon the roadside banks. We found the Dronne at the village of Tocane St. Apre, and we launched the boat below the mill about half a mile farther down stream. Then, having put on board a knapsack containing clothes, a valise filled chiefly with provisions, several bottles of wine, one of rum (a safer spirit in France than some others), and another of black coffee, made very strong so that it should last a long time, we took our first lunch in the boat, in the cool shade of some old alders.

The wine had been already heated by the sun during the journey, but the means of cooling it somewhat was near at hand. We hitched a couple of bottles to the roots of the alders with their necks just out of the water. The young peasant who had driven us was invited to share our meal, and the horse was left at the mill with a good feed of oats to comfort him and help

him to forget all the horrible suspicions that the boat had caused him. The meal was simple enough, for we had brought no luxurious fare with us ; but the feeling of freedom and new adventure, the low song of the stream running over the gravel in the shallows, the peace and beauty of the little cove under the alders, made it more delightful than a sumptuous one with hackneyed surroundings.

Everything went as smoothly as the deep water where the boat was chained, until the spirit-lamp was lighted for warming the coffee. Then it was discovered that the little saucepan had been forgotten. This was trying, for when you have grown used to coffee after lunch you do not feel happy without it. The case is aggravated when you have the coffee ready made, but cannot warm it for want of a small utensil. The peasant went to the mill to borrow a saucepan, and he brought back one that was just what we wanted ; at least, we thought so until the coffee began to run out through a hole in the bottom. In vain we tried to stop the leak with putty, which was brought in case the boat should spring one ; but after a while it stopped itself—quite miraculously. Thus good fortune came to our aid at the outset, and it looked like a fair omen of a prosperous voyage.

We did not linger too long over this meal, for I had not come prepared to pass the night either in the boat or on the grass, and I hoped to reach Riberac in the evening. The bottles were put away in the locker, and what was not eaten was returned to the valise. Then we parted company with the young peasant, whose private opinion was that we should not go very far. But he was mistaken ; we went a long way, after encountering many serious obstacles, as will be seen by and by.

The chain being pulled in, the boat glided off like the willow-leaf to which I have already compared it. I sat on my piece of sliding board about the middle, and Hugh sat on his piece of wood—which was the top of the locker—in the stern. We both used

long, double-bladed paddles. In a few seconds we were in the current, and in a few more were aground. Although the canoe was flat-bottomed, it needed at least three inches of water to float comfortably with us and the cargo. We were in a forest of reeds that hid the outer world from us, and we had left the true current for another that led us to the shallows. But this little difficulty was quickly overcome, and I soon convinced myself that, notwithstanding the dearth of water after the long drought, it was quite possible to descend the Dronne from St. Apre in a boat such as mine.

Now as there was no wager to make me hurry, and my main purpose in giving myself all the trouble that lay before me was to see things, I put my paddle down, and leaving Hugh to work off some of his youthful ardor for navigation, I gave myself up for a while to the spell of this most charming stream. Its breadth and its depth were constantly changing, and in a truly remarkable manner. Now it was scarcely wider than a brook might be, and was nearly over-arched by its alders and willows ; now it widened out and sped in many a flashing runnel through a broad jungle of reeds where the blistering rays of the sun beat down with tropical ardor ; then it slept in pools full of long, green streamers that waved slowly like an Undine's hair. Here and there all about stood the waxen flowers of sagittaria above the barbed floating leaves, cool and darkly green. Close to the banks the tall and delicately branching water-plantains, on which great grasshoppers often hang their shed skins, were flecked with pale-pink blooms—flowers of biscuit-porcelain on hair-like stems.

The splashing of a water-wheel roused me from my idle humor. We had reached—much too quickly—our first mill-dam. It was a very primitive sort of dam, formed of stakes and planks, but chiefly of brambles, dead wood, and reeds that had floated down and lodged there. Then began the tugging, pushing, and lifting, that was continued at irregular intervals for sev-

eral days. The canoe was less than three feet wide in the middle, but it was more than six yards long, and this length, although it secured steadiness and greatly reduced the risk of capsizing in strong rapids or sinister eddies, brought the weight up to about one hundred and seventy pounds, without reckoning the baggage, which was turned out upon the grass or on the stones at each weir. After passing the first obstacle, we floated into one of those long, deep pools which lend a peculiar charm to the Dronne. Usually covered in summer with white or yellow lilies—seldom the two species together—these and other plants that rejoice in the cool, liquid depths, show their scalloped or feathery forms with perfect distinctness far below the surface of limpid water.

Here, O idle water-wanderer, let your boat glide with the scarcely moving current and gaze upon the leafy groves of the sub-aqueous wilderness lit up by the rays of the sun, and watch the fish moving singly or in shoals at various depths—the bearded barbel, the spotted trout, the shimmering bream, and the bronzen tench. Watch, too, the speckled water-snakes gliding upon the gravel or lurking like the ancient serpent in mimic gardens of Eden. Mark all the varied life and wondrous beauty of nature there. Above all, do not hurry, for little is seen by those who hasten on.

At a weir of sticks and stones forming a rather wide dam, overgrown by tall hemp-agrimony now in flower, we met with our first difficulty. There was no overflow to help us, for in this time of drought the mill-wheel needed all the streams to turn it; so the boat had to be lifted over the stakes and stones. Into the water we had to go, and boots and socks being now put aside, were not worn again for five days, except when we went ashore in the evening, and had to make an effort to look respectable.

The dam being passed, the boat shot down a rapid current, then as the bed widened out and the water stilled, we were hidden from the world by reeds,

through which we had to force a way while the sun smote us and frizzled us. Countless dragon-flies flashed their brilliant colors as they whirled and darted, green frogs plunged at our approach from their diving-boards of matted rush, and quirked defiance from the banks where they were safe, and now and again a startled kingfisher showed us the blue gleam of a wing above the brown maces of the bulrushes and the high-hanging tassels of the sedges.

The bell of an unseen church a long way off sounded the midday angelus, and told that we had not drifted so far as it appeared from the peopled world. Leaving the reeds, we passed again into the shade of alders that stretched their gnarled fantastic roots far over the babbling or dreaming water, and thence again amongst the sunny reeds. And so the hours went by, and there were no villages or even houses to be seen, but the little rough mills beside the slowly toiling wheel, which in most cases seemed to be the only living thing there. Once, however, there was a naked child, very brown, and as round as a spider between the hips and the waist, playing upon a flowery bank above the mother, who wore a brilliant colored kerchief on her head, and who knelt beside the water as she rinsed the little elf's shirt. I thought the picture pretty enough to make a note of it. This caused some contemptuous surprise to my companion in the back of the boat—not yet alive to the innocent cunning of the artist and writer, for he asked me, in the descriptive language of the British schoolboy: "Are you going to stick down *that*?"

The hot hours stole away or passed into the mellowness of evening, and the marsh mallows that fringed the stream were looking coolly white when we drew near to Ribérac. The water widened and deepened, and we met a pleasure-boat, vast and gaudy, recalling some picture of Queen Elizabeth's barge on the Thames. Under an awning sat a bevy of ladies in bright raiment, pleasant to look at, and in front of them were several young men val-

iantly rowing, or rather digging their short sculls into the water, as if they were trying to knock the brains out of some fluvial monsters endeavoring to attack the barge and capture the youth and loveliness under the awning.

Having reached that part of the river which was nearest Riberac, I had to find a place where the boat could be left, and where it would be safe from the enterprise of boys—a bad invention in all countries. It is just, however, to the French boy to say that he is not quite so fiendish out-of-doors as the English one; but he makes things even by his conduct at home, where he conscientiously devotes his animal spirits to the destruction of his too indulgent parents.

My difficulty was solved by a kind butcher, whose garden ran down to the water. He let me chain the boat to one of his trees, and he took our fowl, which was intended for lunch next day, and put it into his meat-safe—an excellent service, for the drainage of his slaughter-house, emptying into the river by the side of the boat, was enough to make even a live fowl lose its freshness in a single night. We were soon settled for the night in a comfortable inn, that prided itself—not without reason—upon its *cuisine*. Here we had our first *friture* of gudgeons from the Dronne—which is famous throughout a wide region for the quality of these and other fish.

After dinner we walked about Riberac, which had for me certain literary associations. Here was the castle—there is nothing left of it now—where Arnaud Daniel, the troubadour, was born, whom Petrarch called *Il grande maestro d'amore*, and of whom Dante thought so highly that he gave him a place in Purgatory, and made Guido speak of him as a poet in these words of unqualified praise:—

Questi ch' io ti scerno

Fu migl'or fabbro del parlar materno:

Versi d' amore e prose di romanzi

Soverchio tutti.

Dante having asked for the name on earth of this gifted soul, the trouba-

dour replied in the tongue that he had learned from his mother's lips at Riberac:—

Jeu sui Arnaulz che plor e vai cantan.

Daniel's modern cities admire him less than did Dante and Petrarch, but he had a gift of sweet song; and he owed it doubtless in no small measure to the influence of the lovely Dronne, on whose banks he must have often rambled in childhood—that season when impressions are unconsciously laid up which shape the future life of the intellect. No Englishman should pass through Arnaud's birthplace with indifference, for he was the first to put into literary form the story of Lancelot of the Lake.

The next morning I bought a saucepan, a melon, and grapes, which were already ripe, although the date was the 9th August. Thus laden, we returned to the boat, and the kindly butcher, who gave us our fowl wrapped up, not in a newspaper as we had left it, but in a sheet of spotless white paper. Hugh's first thought was to pull up a line that he had put in overnight; but this act was followed by no shout of triumph, for the worm was still waiting to be eaten. His conclusion was that the fish in the Dronne were quite "off the feed." Having refilled our bottles, some with water and some with wine, we parted from our hospitable acquaintance with pleasant words, and were afloat again before the hour of eight. We had a serious wetting at the first weir, but were dry again before we stopped to lunch. This time we landed, and chose our spot in a beautiful little meadow, where an alder cast its shade upon the bank. It was far from all habitations, but had the case been otherwise, there would have been no danger of our being disturbed by a voice from behind, saying: "You have no right to land here," or, "You are trespassing in this field." Such gentle manners are almost unknown in France.

Reeds again—innumerable reeds—through which we had to drag the canoe, for we had somehow lost the

current. Arrowhead and prickly bur-reed, great rushes and sedges—a joy to the marsh botanist by the variety of their species—stood against us in serried phalanxes, saying: “Union is strength; we are weak when alone, but all together we will give you some work that you will remember.” And they did so before we left them behind. Now, above the lily-spotted water, deep and clear, showed a little cluster of houses on a low cliff, and below them close to the river an old baronial pigeon-house, like a tower with pointed roof.

To finish the picture, a narrow wooden bridge supported by poles stretching downward at all angles, like the legs of an ungainly insect, had been thrown across the stream. And here a great flock of geese—horrified at so unwonted an apparition as the pale green boat and the fantastic movement of the paddles—were holding a hasty council of war, which we broke up before they came to a decision.

The flow of water in the river had been perceptibly increased by tributaries, and now after each mill the current was strong enough to take us down for a mile or two at a quick rate. The little boat danced gaily in the rapids. The great heat of the day had gone, and the light was waning, when we mistook an arm of the river for the main stream, and found ourselves at length in a little gully, very dim with over-arching foliage, and where the sound of rushing water grew momentarily louder.

It was all one to Hugh whether he got turned out or not, but I had lived long enough not to like the vision of a roll in the stream at the end of the day, with baggage swamped, if not lost. Therefore I chained up the boat, and went to examine the rapids. I found the stream in great turmoil, where it rushed over hidden rocks, and in the centre was a wave about three feet high, that rose like a curve of clear green glass; but turned white with anger, and broke into furious foam as it fell into the basin below. Having ascertained that the rock was suffi-

ciently under water, I decided that we would take our chance in the current after turning out the baggage.

We kept right in the centre. It was an exciting moment as we touched the wave. The canoe made a bound upwards, then plunged into the boiling torrent below. A moment more and we were out of all risk. So swift was the passage that scarcely a gallon of water was taken in. Having put the baggage back, we continued our voyage towards the unknown, for I knew not whither this stream was going to take us. About a mile or two farther down, however, it joined the river, which here seemed very wide. It was marvellous to find that the brook of yesterday had grown to this.

The scene was beyond all description beautiful. The wooded banks, the calm water, the islands of reeds and sedges, the pure white lilies that scented the air and murmured softly as the boat brushed their snowy petals, were all stained with the blood of the dying sun that poured over the world. For a moment I saw the upper rim of the red disc between the trunks of two trees far away that seemed to grow taller and more sombre; then came the twilight with its purple tones.

The colors faded, darkness crept over the valley, and the water, losing its transparency, looked unfathomably deep, and mirrored with tenfold power all the fantastic gloom of the leaning alders and the weird forms of the hoary willows. And there was no light or sound from any town or village, nor even from a lonely cottage. I had expected to reach at sundown the little town of Aubeterre in the department of the Charente, but all ideas of distance based upon a map are absurdly within the mark when one follows the course of a winding river, and the information of the inhabitants is equally misleading, for they always calculate distances by the road.

When we reached the next weir there was very little light left, so, without attempting to pass it, we paddled down to the mill. It was kept by three brothers, who treated us with much

kindness and attention. I learnt that we were not far from the village of Nabinaud in the Charente, where there was a small inn at which it would be possible to pass the night.

Aubeterre was still some miles off by water, and there were weirs to overcome. Tired out, with legs and feet scraped and scratched by stones and stumps, and smarting still more from sun-scorch, we were glad enough to find a sufficient reason for getting out of the boat here.

One of the brothers carried politeness so far—I saw from the importance of the mill that remuneration was not to be thought of—as to walk about a mile uphill in order to show the inn and to see us settled in it. Then he left, for I could not prevail upon him to sit down and clink glasses. It was but a cottage-inn on the open hillside, and I doubt if the simple-minded people who kept it would have accepted us for the night but for the introduction. Husband and wife gave up their room to us, and where they went themselves I could not guess, unless it was in the loft or the fowls-house. They were surprised, almost overcome, by the invasion, the like of which had never happened to them before; but they showed plenty of good-will.

All that could be produced in the way of dinner was an omelet, some fried ham, very fat and salt, and some *grillons*—a name given to the residue that is left by pork fat when it has been slowly boiled down to make lard. The people of Guyenne think much of their *grillons* or *fritons*. I remember a jovial-faced innkeeper of the south telling me that he and several members of his family went to Paris in a party to see the Exhibition of 1889, and that they took with them *grillons* enough to keep them going for a week, with the help of bread and wine, which they were compelled to buy of the Parisians. Had they done all that their provincial ideas of prudence dictated, they would have taken with them everything that was necessary to the sustenance of the body during their absence from home. The best part of

our meal must not be forgotten; it was salad, fresh-plucked from the little garden enclosed by a paling, well mixed with nut-oil, wine-vinegar, and salt. Then for dessert there was abundance of grapes and peaches.

The little room in which we slept, or, to speak more correctly, where I tried to sleep, had no ornament except the Sunday clothes of the innkeeper and his wife hanging against the walls. Next to it was the pig-stye, as the inmates took care to let me know by their grunting. Had I wished to escape in the night without paying the bill, nothing would have been easier, for the window looked upon a field that was about two feet below the sill.

I opened this window wide to feel the cool air, and long after Hugh went to sleep, with the willingness of his sixteen years, I sat listening to the crickets and watching the quiet fields and sky, which were lit up every few seconds by the lightning flash of an approaching storm—still too far away, however, to blur even with a cloudy line the tranquil brilliancy of the stars.

Leaving the window open, I laid down upon the outer edge of the bed; but to no purpose. In the first place, I am never happy on the edge of a narrow bed, and then sleep and I were on bad terms that night. The lightning, growing stronger, showed my host's best trousers hanging against the whitewashed wall, and from the pig-stye came indignant snorts in answer to the deepening moan of the thunder; but the crickets of the house sang after their fashion of the hearth and home, and those outside of the great joy of idleness in the summer fields. From a bit of hedge or old wall came now and then the clear note of a fairy-bell rung by a goblin toad.

I lit the candle again, and elfish moths, with specks of burning charcoal for eyes, dashed at me or whirled and spun about the flame. One was a most delicately beautiful small creature, with long white wings stained with pink. Thus I spent the night, looking at the sights and listening to the sounds of nature, which is better than to lie with

closed eyes quarrelling with one's own brain.

When the sun was up, we left with a boy carrying a basket of grapes and peaches, also wine to refill the empty bottles in the boat. On my way down the hill, I stopped at the ruin of a mediæval castle that belonged to Poltrot de Méré, the assassin of the Duc de Guise. All this country of the Angoumois, even more than Périgord, is full of the history of the religious wars of the sixteenth century. The whole of the south-western region of France might be termed the classic ground of atrocities committed in the name of religion. Simon de Montfort's crusaders and the Albigenses; after them the Huguenots and the Leaguers, have so thickly sown this land with the seed of blood, to bear witness through all time to their merciless savagery, that the unprejudiced mind, looking here for traces of a grand struggle of ideals, will find little or nothing but the records of revolting brutality.

There is nothing left of Poltrot de Méré's stronghold but a few fragments of walls much overgrown with ivy and brambles; and in order to get a close view of these, I had to ask permission of the owner of the land—an elderly man, who looked at me with a troubled eye, and while he wished to be polite, considered it his duty to question me concerning my "quality" and motives. I knew what was in his mind: a for-eigner, a spy perchance, was going about the country, taking notes of fortified places.

It was true that this fortress, nearly hidden by vegetation, was no longer in a state to withstand a long siege, but who could tell what importance it might have in the eyes of a foreign power traditionally credited with a large appetite for other people's property? However, he was not an ill-natured man, and when I had talked to him a bit, he moved his hand towards the ruin with quite a noble gesture, and told me that I was free to do there anything I liked. Had I been a snake-catcher, I might have done a good deal there.

We were afloat again before the sun had begun to warm an apple's ruddy cheek; but already the white lips of the water-lilies were wide parted, as the boat slid past or through their colonies upon the reedy river. We glided under brambled banks overtrailed with the wild vine; then the current took us round and about many an islet of reeds and rushes, where the common *phragmites* stood ten or twelve feet high, and now by other banks all tangled with willow-herb, marsh-mallow, and loosestrife. Over the clear water, and the wildernesses of reeds and flowers, lay the mild splendor of the morning sunshine. But the blissful minutes passed too quickly; all the tones brightened to brilliancy, and by ten o'clock the rays were striking down again with torrid ardor.

We had lunched amongst the reeds under a clump of alders, and were paddling on again, when the massive walls and tower of a vast fortress of old time appeared upon the top of a steep hill rising above all other hills that were visible, and at the foot of the castle-rock were many red roofs of houses that seemed to be nestled pleasantly in a spacious grove of trees. Above all was the dazzling blue of the sky. A truly southern picture, flaming with shadeless color, and glittering with intense whiteness. We were reaching Aubeterre.

We beached the canoe beside a meadow, opposite a spot where about twenty women were washing clothes, upon their knees, with their noses very near the water—a posture that shows off the human form somewhat to disadvantage. They were mightily surprised to see us suddenly arrive in our swift boat. All the heads came up together, and as a necessary consequence the rest went down.

We walked into a riverside inn, and there I made friends with the inn-keeper over one or two bottles of beer—there was an innocent liquor so called on sale at Aubeterre. The aubergiste was rather down on his luck, for some mill at which he had been employed had gone wrong finan-

cially, and the wheels thought it no longer worth while to turn round. He therefore undertook to show us the way to everything that ought to be seen at Aubeterre.

He led us up a steep, winding road where the sun smote furiously, where there was no shade, and where the dust was so hot that it might have roasted an egg, if the person waiting for it was in no great hurry. We had gone a very little way when Hugh proposed to return and mount guard over the boat, for whose safety he had become unreasonably anxious. On reaching the steep little town there was more shade, because the streets were narrow, but the rough pitching of cobble-stones was very bad for feet so sore as ours, and so swollen that the boots into which we managed to force them before leaving the river, were now several sizes too small.

We stopped at the parish church, but not so long as I should have, had I been a lonely wayfarer without anybody to guide me. It is a delightful example of a Romanesque style that is found much repeated in Périgord, the Angoumois, and the Bordelais. The great interest lies in the façade, which dates from the eleventh century. Here we have a large central portal, and on each side of it, what the architectural design supposes to be a smaller one, but which in reality is only a sham doorway.

The jambs, with their columns and archivolts filled in with little figures, sacred, fantastic, and grotesque, are there, as in connection with the central arch; but all this has only an ornamental purpose. The spectator who is at all interested in ecclesiastical architecture will examine with much delight the elaborate mouldings and the strangely suggestive forms of men, beasts, birds, shapes fantastic and chimerical, which ornament these Romanesque doorways.

But this church has not the interest of singularity which belongs to another at Aubeterre—that of St. John. It is, or was, truly a church, and yet it is not an edifice. Like the one at St.

Emilion, it is monolithic in the sense that those who made it worked upon the solid rock with pick, hammer, and chisel; in which way they quarried out a great nave with a rough apse terminating in the very bowels of the hill. On one side of the nave enough has been left of the rock to form four immense polygonal piers, whose upper part is lost to sight in the gloom, until the eye grows somewhat reconciled to the glimmer of day, which, stealing in through openings in the cliff, is drowned in darkness before it reaches the hollow of the apse. On the opposite side is a high gallery cut in the rock in imitation of the triforium gallery. The row of piers separates the church proper from what was for centuries the cemetery of Aubeterre; a vast burrow made by the living for the reception of the dead, where they were plunged out of the sunlight teeming with earthly illusion and phantasy, to await the breaking of the great dawn.

Not a spring violet nor a gaudy flower of summer gave to the air the perfume, or to the earth the color of sweet life, to soothe and lighten the dreariness of the dead; such thoughts in the Middle Ages would have been almost pagan. Then the darkness of death was like the darkness of night here in this necropolis hewn in the side of the ancient rock, whose very substance is made up chiefly of other and older forms of life. Moreover, the hope that was then so firmly fixed beyond the grave was the hope of rest—everlasting repose—after so much tossing and battling upon the sea of life. The palmer dying of weariness by the wayside, and the crusader of his wounds upon the blood-soaked sand, could imagine no more blessed reward from the *dols sire Jhesu* for all their sacrifice of sleep, and other pain endured for their soul's sake, than "a bed in Paradise." To me it seemed that had I lived seven centuries ago, I should, when dying, have been so weak as to beg my friends not to lay my body in the awful gloom of this sepulchral cavern, there to remain until the end

of time. If there are ghostly people, what a playground this must be for them at the witching hour! It is enough to make one's hair stand on end to think of what may go on there when the sinking moon looks haggard, and the owls hoot from the abandoned halls open to the sky, of the great ruin above. The burying went on within the rock until thirty years ago, and the skulls that grin there in the light of the visitor's candle, and all the other bones that have been dug up and thrown into heaps, would fill several wagons. It was with no regret that I went out into the hot and brilliant air, and left forever these gloomy vaults with their dismal human relics and that penetrating odor of the earth that once moved and spoke, which dwells in every ancient charnel-house, perhaps from the force of old habit.

Now we climbed to the top of the calcareous and chalky hill and made the round of the castle wall. We could not enter, because by ill-luck the owner had gone away, and had not left the keys with anybody. This was especially disappointing to me, because my imagination had been worked upon by the stories I had heard of the subterranean passages leading from this fifteenth-century stronghold far under the hill, and which had not been thoroughly explored since the castle was abandoned. The innkeeper assured me that during an exploration that was being made in one of them the candles went out, and that nobody had attempted again to reach the end of the mysterious gallery.

I may observe here that people in this part of France have such a strong horror of passages underground, which they commonly believe to be inhabited by snakes and toads—an abomination to them—that it is just possible the candles of which the aubergiste spoke may have been put out by the superior brilliancy of the meridional imagination.

The time spent in this interesting little town that lies quite off all beaten tracks made the prospect of arriving that night at St. Aulaye, the next place

by the river, look rather doubtful. We re-started, however, with the knowledge that we had still several hours of daylight before us. The voyage now became more exciting and likewise more fatiguing. Mills were numerous and the weirs changed completely in character. The simple dam of sticks and stones, with a drop of only two or three feet on the lower side, disappeared, and in its place we had a high, well-built weir, with a fall of eight or ten feet. Fortunately there was generally enough water running over to help us and not enough to threaten shipwreck. The manœuvre, however, had to be quite altered. The boat had to be thrust or drawn forward until it hung several feet over the edge of the weir, then a quick push sent it down stern-first into the water, while I held the chain, which was fastened to the other end. Then Hugh, sauceman in hand, let himself down by the chain, sometimes in a cascade, and baled out the water taken in. Finally, when all the traps had been collected from the dry places where they had been laid and handed down, I had to get into the boat and bring the chain with me. It was a movement that had to be learnt before it could be done gracefully and surely, and at the second weir of this kind, where there was a considerable rush of water, in stepping on board, I lost my balance, and rolled into the river. It was, however, not the first bath that I had received in my clothes since starting upon this expedition, and the inconvenience of being wet to the skin was now one that troubled neither of us much.

Evening stole quietly upon us with a stormy, yellow glow; then little clouds turned crimson overhead. Onward through the reeds in the rosy light; onward over the purpling water! It was nearly night when we caught sight of the houses of St. Aulaye upon a hill.

Presently the wailing of water was heard, by which we knew that another weir was near. Instead of trying to pass it we went on down the mill-stream, my intention being to leave the

canoe with the miller and to walk to the town.

Now the gentle miller, after accepting the custody of the boat, held a rapid consultation with his wife on the threshold of his dwelling, and as we were moving off to look for a hostelry he limped up to me—he had a leg that seemed as stiff as a post—and said: “If *ces messieurs* would like to stop here to-night we will do our best for them. We have little to offer, for we do not keep an inn, and are only simple people, but *ces messieurs* are tired perhaps, and would rather stay near their boat.”

The spot where we were to pass the night was decidedly sombre, for there were trees around that cast a dark shadow, and there was the incessant cry of unseen, troubled water, but from the open door of the low house that adjoined the mill there flashed a warm light and, as we entered, there was the sight, which is ever grateful to the tired wanderer, of freshly piled sticks blazing upon the hearth. The room was large, and the flickering oil-lamp would have left it mostly in shadow had it not been helped by the flame of the fire. The walls were very dark from smoke and long usage, for this was a very old mill. There was no sign of plenty, save the chunks of fat bacon which hung from the grimy rafters. There were several children, and one of them, almost a young woman, went out with a basket to buy us some meat. We had not a very choice meal, but we had a solid one. It commenced with a big tureen of country soup, made of all things, but chiefly of bread, and which Hugh, with his ideas newly shaped in English moulds, described as “stodgey.” Then came an omelet, a piece of veal, and a dish of gudgeons. I am sorry to add that these most amusing, little, bearded fish were dropped all alive into the boiling nut-oil.

Although our bedroom was immediately overhead, we had to pass through the mill to reach it, and the journey was a roundabout one. The lame miller was our guide, and on our way we

learnt the cause of his lameness. About a year before, he had been caught up by some of his machinery and mangled in a frightful manner. We came to a brick wall plastered over, and a little below a shaft that ran through it was a ragged hole nearly three feet in diameter.

Said the miller, “You see that hole?”

“Yes.”

“You wouldn’t think a man’s body could make that? Mine did; and all those dark splashes on the plaster are the marks of my blood!”

The poor fellow had been brought within a hair’s-breadth of death, and the long months during which he could do nothing but lie down or sit in a heap after his accident had, he said, nearly ruined him.

The next morning we contrived, after infinite torture, to put on our boots again, and then walked up the hill to the village-like town. Besides the church of mixed Romanesque and Gothic there was nothing worth seeing there, unless the spectacle of a woman holding up a rabbit by the hind legs, while her daughter, a tender-hearted damsel of about sixteen, whacked it behind the ears with a fire-shovel, may be thought improving to the mind. At a shop where we bought some things, Hugh was deeply offended by a woman who insisted that some rather small bathing-drawers were large enough for him, and especially for speaking of him as the *petit garçon*. He talked about her “cheek” all the way back to the boat. It was on returning that I noticed the picturesque charm of our mill with the old Gothic bridge adjoining it, a weather-beaten, time-worn stone cross rising from the parapet. Fresh provisions having been put on board the boat, we wished our friends of the mill good-bye. They and their children, with about a dozen neighbors and their children, assembled upon the bank to see us off. A long line of dancing rapids lay in front of us, so that we were really able to astonish the people by the speed at which we sped away where any boat of the Dronne

would have quickly gone aground. In a few minutes the strong current had carried us a mile, and then looking back we saw the little crowd still gazing at us. A turn of the stream and they had lost sight of us forever.

Under the next mill-dam was some deep water free from reeds and weeds. On the banks were tall trees; behind us was the rocky weir, over which the stream fell in a thousand little rivulets and runnels, and less than a hundred yards in front rose the seemingly impenetrable reedy forest. The spot so enclosed had a quiet beauty that would have been holy in days gone by when the mind of man peopled such solitudes with fluvial deities. Here the desire to swim became irresistible. What a swim it was! The water was only cold enough to be refreshing, while its transparency was such that even where it was eight or ten feet deep every detail could be seen along the gravelly bottom, where the gudgeous gambolled. After the bath we paddled until we saw a very shady meadow-corner close to the water. Here we spread out upon the grass eggs that had been boiled for us at the mill, bread, cheese, grapes, and pears, and what other provisions we had. Now and again the wind carried to us the sound of water turning some hidden, lazy wheel. Those who would prefer a well-served lunch in a comfortable room to our simple meal in the meadow-corner under the rustling leaves, should never go on a voyage down the Dronne.

Some time in the afternoon we came to a broad weir that was rather difficult to pass, for there was no water running over, and a dense vegetation had sprung up during the summer between the rough stones. The miller saw us from the other end of his dam, which was a rather long way off, for these weirs do not cross at right angles with the banks, but start at a very obtuse one at a point far above the mill. After a little hesitation, inspired by doubtfulness as to what manner of beings we were, he came towards us over the stones and through the water-plants with a bog-trotting movement

which we, who had scraped most of the skin off our own bare ankles, quite understood.

He was a rough but good fellow, and he lent us a helping hand, which was needed, for every time we lifted the boat now it seemed heavier than it was before. The hard work was telling upon us. The sound of voices caused another head to appear on the scene. It came up from the other side of the weir, and it was a cunning old head with sharp little eyes under bushy grey brows, overhanging like pent-houses. Presently the body followed the head, and the old man began to talk to the miller in *patois*, but failing, apparently, to make any impression upon him, he addressed me in very bad French.

"Why give yourselves the devil's trouble," said he, "in pulling the boat over here, when there is a beautiful place at the other end of the *barrage*, where you can go down with the current? The water is a bit jumpy, but there is nothing to fear."

For a moment I hesitated, but I saw the miller shake his head; and this decided me to cross at the spot where we were. The old man looked on with an expression that was not benevolent, and when the boat was ready to be dropped on the other side, the motive of his anxiety to send us down a waterfall came out. He had spread a long net here in amongst the reeds, and he did not wish us to spoil his fishing.

When we got below the mill we saw the water that was not wanted for the wheel, tumbling in fury down a steep, narrow channel, in which were set various poles and cross-beams. And it was down this villanous *diversoir* that the old rascal would have sent us; knowing that we should have come to grief there. The boat would almost certainly have struck some obstacle and been overturned by the current. The miller was a good man. I could with difficulty prevail upon him to accept a small gratuity; but the old fisherman was a wicked one. He might have rendered it impossible for me to tell the story of these adventures.

Several more weirs were passed ; one with great difficulty, for the boat had to be dragged and jolted thirty or forty yards through the corner of a wood. Then the evening fell again when we were following the windings of a swift current that ran now to the right, and now to the left of what seemed to be a broad marsh covered with reeds and sedges. Sometimes the current carried us into banks gloomy with drooping alders, or densely fringed with brambles. When I heard squeals behind, I knew that Hugh was driving through a blackberry bush, or a hanging garden of briars.

I was sorry for him, but my business was to keep the canoe's head in the centre of the current, and leave the stern to follow as it might. At every sudden turning Hugh became exceedingly watchful, but in spite of his steering the stern would often swing round into the bank, and then there was nothing for him to do but to duck his head as low as he could, and try to leave as little as possible of his ears upon the brambles. Before the end of this day he gave signs of restlessness and discontent.

Our stopping-place to-night was to be La Roche Chalais, a rather important village, just within the department of the Dordogne. We still seemed to be far from it, notwithstanding all the haste we had made. While the air and water were glowing with the last flush of twilight, myriads of swallows, already on their passage from the north, spotted the clear sky, and settled down upon the alders to pass the night. At our approach they rose again, and filled the solitude with the whirr of their wings. We likewise disturbed from the alders great multitudes of sparrows that had become gregarious. They stayed in the trees until the boat was about twenty yards from them, and then rose with the noise of a storm-wind beating the leaves. One of the charms of this waterfaring is, that you never know what surprise the angle of a river may bring. Very tired, and rather down at heart, we turned a bend and saw in front of us a clear,

placid reach, on which the reds and purples were serenely dying, and at a distance of about half a mile a fine bridge, with the large, central arch forming with its reflection in the water a perfect ellipse.

On the left of the bridge was a wooded cliff, the edges of the trees vaguely passing into one another and the purple mist, and above them all, against the warmly fading sky was the spire of a church. "That," said I, "can be no other than the church of La Roche Chalais ;" and so it turned out.

There was a large mill, below the bridge where we met with much politeness, and where our boat was taken charge of. Here we are told that there was a good hotel at La Roche, and we set off to find it. But, how did we set off ? With bare feet, carrying our boots in our hands, and looking the veriest scarecrows after our four days of amphibious life. We had tried to put on our boots, but vainly, for they had been flooded. Now this was the chief cause of the unpleasantness that soon befell us, for no pilgrims ever had more disgraceful-looking feet than ours. Fortunately, it was nearly dark, and the people whom we met did not examine us very attentively. Moreover, they saw bare feet in the road and in the street every day of their lives during the summer.

At the inn, however, our appearance made an instantaneously bad impression. It was the most important hotel in a considerable district. It lay in the beat of many commercial travellers — men who never go about with bare feet, or in dirty flannel and battered straw hats, but are always dressed beautifully. We walked straight into the house, with that perfect composure which the French say is distinctly British, and sudden consternation fell upon the people there. Two elderly ladies, sister hotel-keepers — one of whom had a rather strongly marked moustache, for which, of course, poor woman, she was not responsible — came out of the kitchen, and stood in the passage fronting us. It was not to

welcome us to their hostelry, but to prevent us penetrating any farther, that they took up this position.

"Mesdames," said I, "we want rooms, if you please, to-night, and also dinner."

"Monsieur," replied the lady with the moustache, "I am sorry, but—but—all our rooms are occupied."

"You are afraid of us, madame?"

"Yes, monsieur, I am."

This I thought very frank indeed; and I was turning over in my mind what I had better say next, when she continued:—

"We neve. take travellers without baggage."

"But," said I, holding out my knapsack in one hand, and my boots in the other, "I have baggage."

Perceiving that the expression did not change, I added:—

"I have also a boat."

"A boat!"

"Yes, a boat."

"Where is it?"

"On the river. I have left it at the mill just below here. We have come from St. Apre."

"St. Apre! And where are you going?"

"To Coutras, I hope."

By this time several persons, who had collected in the passage and the kitchen, were grinning from ear to ear. I felt that all eyes were fixed upon my red feet, and not liking the situation, I resolved to cut it short.

"As you are afraid, I will give you my card," and so saying, I pushed my way into the *salle à manger*, and pulled out a card, which, marvellous to say, I had managed to keep dry. Now, the card itself was of no importance whatever to these people. It was the manner of saying, "I will give you my card," together with the movement that meant, "I am here, and I intend to stop," that broke down the resolution of the two women to turn us from their door.

Their confidence gradually came, and they gave us a very good dinner notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. We had comfortable beds, too, and the

next morning we got our feet into our boots. We bought our provisions for the day at the inn, and to avoid the curiosity of the natives we escaped by a back way and hobbled down to the boat through a rocky field.

Our last day on the Dronne was the most trying of all. The distance was probably not more than twenty-five miles, but there were weirs to overcome, and some of them were not easy. Then the boat had to be dragged a long way through reeds where there was not enough water to float it. For eight or nine hours the sun raged above us, but the cool evening came at length—about the time that we passed the last mill. The river was broad and deep, and I thought that we could not be far from Coutras, but long reaches succeeded one another, and the great forests of the Double on the left seemed as if they would never end.

The river is now running—or rather creeping, for it has lost its current—under densely wooded hills, and the water is deeply dyed with interflowing tints of green and gold. These fade and in the gathering darkness without a moon the silent Dronne grows very sombre. The boat must have received an exceptionally hard knock at the last weir, for we feel the water rising about our feet. The wonder is that our frail craft has taken its five days' bumping over stumps and stones so well. It would be very annoying if it were to sink with us now that we are so near the end of our voyage. But is the end so near? We scan the distance in front of us in search of twinkling lights, but the only twinkle comes from a brightening star. We see the long, wan line of water, marked with awful shadows near the banks, from which, too, half submerged trees, long since dead, lift strange arms or stretch out long necks and goblin-heads that seem to mock and jibe at us in this fashion: "Ha! ha! you are going down! we'll drag you under!" And the interminable black forest stretches away, away, always in front, until it is lost in the dusky sky.

Ah, there is a sound at length to

break the monotonous dip, dip of the paddles, and it is a sweet sound too. It is the angelus; there is no mistaking it. It is very faint, but it puts fresh strength into our arms, and revives the hope that this river will lead us somewhere.

It leads us to Coutras in the department of the Gironde. There at about nine o'clock we beached the half water-logged canoe not far above the spot to which the tide rises from the broad Atlantic. We felt that we had had quite enough waterfaring to satisfy us for the present. We had voyaged about ninety miles and passed about forty weirs.

E. HARRISON BARKER.

From *The Contemporary Review*.
THE OLD PREMIER AND THE NEW.

"WHENEVER Gladstone gets my place, we shall have some strange doings," wrote Palmerston to Shaftesbury in the sixties. The prophecy was a good example of Palmerston's shrewd scepticism; but his feats in dexterous leadership have been a small matter in comparison with Mr. Gladstone's pilotage of modern Liberalism through a far more critical period than Palmerston ever knew. Since Mr. Gladstone led his party there have been abundance of forecasts of sheer wreck. They were made in 1873, in 1880, in 1886, in 1892. But the combination has been maintained, and has been able to draw on stores of nervous vitality which unquestionably it did not own in the pre-Gladstonian days. Yet through all this period it has been sustained by a man who was a formal young Anglican undergraduate in the days before the Oxford movement, and a Canningite Tory at Eton in the time of the Six Acts. Does history contain such a feat in mere living and experience? Here is a career stretching in unbroken activity from the Reform Act of 1832 to the Franchise Act of 1884, from the Poor Law Act of 1834 to the Local Government Act of 1894. It covers nearly every hall-mark of the modern State—factory legislation, free trade,

public elementary education, the popular vote protected by the secret system, the abolition of free contracts in rents, free government for the colonies, the development of the railway system, the tentative use of arbitration, the complete readjustment of the map of Europe. And in most of these movements Mr. Gladstone has played a part. Almost every citizen of the empire acts in this or that function of his life otherwise than he would have acted if there had been no Mr. Gladstone. "I am nothing if not a commercial statesman," said Mr. Gladstone long years ago to a Scottish merchant. What English industry would have been if he had contributed nothing to the budgets of the forties and the sixties it is difficult to say. Everywhere his hand is seen; everywhere we have lying round the almost endless materials for the judgment we contemporaries, not indeed of his youth, but of his age, have to pass on his career.

"Peel! What is Peel to me? Damn Peel!" was Lord Lyndhurst's way of expressing his contempt of the Tory opportunist who opposed and vanquished him. More than a generation of Tories have at intervals breathed the same pious prayer over Peel's greatest pupil. Their view of Mr. Gladstone's career has been put in uncompromising terms by an intelligent and also an unfriendly French critic.¹ "Mr. Gladstone," says this writer at the close of a minute survey of his career,

has touched everything and disturbed everything. As his friend Wilberforce predicted, he has labored to destroy everything that was dearest to him. He has imperilled the Church whose most dutiful servant he still claims to be; the throne, "the most illustrious in the world," as he wrote to the poor young Duke of Clarence; the unity of the empire, which he says is part of his being, of his flesh, and of his blood; the House of Lords, which is part of the industrial machinery of the Constitution, and which, according to Mr. Russell, he respects. He has stimulated the war of classes as it has never been stimulated in

¹ William Ewart Gladstone. Par Marie Dron-sart, 1893.

England before; he has attacked the principles on which property is based, and sown dissension from a full hand while he has preached peace and good-will.

This is a formidable indictment, and it scarcely agrees with Sir Edward Clarke's later insistence on the Conservative side of Mr. Gladstone's influence. If we care to take what may be called the statical view of society and of character, it is crudely true. Mr. Gladstone has attacked many institutions which he has praised, and has burned many, though by no means all, the idols he has adored. His speech on his own Land Act of 1870 may be quoted, as Mr. Jennings and Mlle. Drouart quote it, against the establishment of Land Courts in his Act of 1881, and the ground of finality which he attached both to his two Irish Land Acts and to the Disestablishment of the Irish Church may be employed equally against them or against the Home Rule Bill. But when we have piled together all the iniquities and inconsistencies, the attacks on classes and the rest of them, what do we make of them all? Mr. Gladstone has weakened the claims of property, especially of property in land. In what country in the world have they been strengthened? He has shifted, tentatively it is true, and with many qualifications in doctrine and experiment, large burdens of taxation from labor to rent and interest. What country in Europe would not be delighted, for the mere sake of peace and quietness, to exchange its system of taxation for ours? He has helped to drive the Turks from Europe. Who, with the history of the new Balkan States before him, could wish them back again? He has attacked the House of Lords. What observer of constitutional development, either inside or outside the British Empire, is not astonished that he allowed it to exist after 1884? He has established and confirmed free trade, and has thus enabled industrial England to live. He has made the national debt tolerable as an alternative to the modern tendency to repudiation. All these things answer, if we take out

from them their entire social content and economic effect, to the kind of criticism I have just quoted. But they have left England still stable. Can Germany, Italy, France, even the United States, pay a similar tribute to their contemporary Gladstones?

Still less relevant is the criticism that Mr. Gladstone has acted throughout with the levity of the Opportunist, abandoned purely to the impulses and uses of the hour. That he has changed, not indeed his general intellectual basis, but his social view, is true enough. But the contrast between the earlier and later Gladstone is small compared with that between the younger and older Burke and Pitt. Peel's conversion to Free Trade involved a far speedier and less dignified moral process than Mr. Gladstone's adoption of Home Rule. And the question arises, What is to be the standard of sheer philosophic consistency that we demand from our statesmen? Does any sensible man ask more than a steadiness of purpose, a real continuity of vision? Mr. Bright was an admirable example of the statesman whose entire spiritual mould was completed while he was yet a young man. But what were Mr. Bright's contributions to practical politics? An impassioned advocacy of a useful commercial principle, some great human sentiments, and an official life more sterile than that of any of his contemporaries. Mr. Gladstone's genius has at all events been a fruitful one. His opportunist habit, with its deliberate balance of tendencies, has again and again placed at his disposal great forces, of which he has been less the prime mover than the potent instrument. He has governed the English Church in a far more real sense than any of his contemporary primates. His philosophic defence of his measures has often been more plausible than sound, but the measures themselves stand, and very few people wish them away. They have the characteristic English qualities of moderation and compromise, and—with the possible exception of the Land Act of 1870, which the Irish landlords made a dead-letter from

the first — stability enough to withstand the especial emergency which created them. What more do we ask? We cannot have acts of Parliament expressed in the terms of the Decalogue. Mr. Gladstone has done what two generations asked of him, and history — which is practical rather than introspective — will pay small heed to the criticism that he did not always use the right arguments.

Mr. Gladstone's personal contribution to politics must indeed be compared, not with some unrealized type of ideal statesmanship, but with the men with whom he worked, and whom he, greatly to the advantage of England, superseded. We have to set him beside Peel, honest but uninspiring; Russell, the least impressive of men; Palmerston, the mere creature of Parliamentary tricks and wiles; Beaconsfield, the man of genius without heart and seriousness. We have to consider what incomparable ardor he has imparted to the pursuit of politics, to what large ideas he has linked it, what virility and self-reliance he has lent to an age to which those qualities were wanting. It is possibly a more pertinent criticism that Mr. Gladstone has rendered no service to a characteristic modern development, namely, the tendency to federation as opposed to that of nationalities. It would have been difficult to imagine him taking a part in the building up of the German Empire, and it is certain that he mistook the centripetal movement which proved in the end to represent the conquering energy in the American Civil War. But the national principle is still potent, in spite of the disappearance of Poland and the eclipse of the smaller European States, and Mr. Gladstone has certainly made the largest possible contribution to it. His spoken word had at least as large an influence in the creation of the Balkan States as the legions of the czar. The father of Montenegro, he also has his share of responsibility for the kingdoms of Italy and Greece. It was Mr. Gladstone, the most peaceful of ministers, the most maladroit of war administrators, who

took without hesitation the step that saved Belgium from absorption under the Benedetti arrangement. And it was he who kept the peace with the United States when the temptation to renew the conflicts of the earlier part of the century was strong both in England and in America.

These services to what we regard to-day as great human causes are hardly consistent with the view of Mr. Gladstone as a mere caster-up of votes, the petty calculator of the odd chance. The Home Rule adventure, which is quoted as a classic instance of this character, really makes the other way. Mere policy would clearly have dictated a combination between the two English parties, coupled with a minimum programme of local government, not a passionate reliance on English justice and Irish placability. No doubt it has been Mr. Gladstone's task to embody the winning ideas of his time with a victorious energy all his own. But surely that is the tribute we have been content to assign to statesmanship all the world over. It is open, of course, for us to say that John Brown was a greater man than Abraham Lincoln, that we prefer the martyr to the man who leads the "compact majority." But we have still to face the old banal question of how the world's work is to be done. Certainly it has had few defter engineers than Mr. Gladstone.

The secret of this resourcefulness in action cannot be said to reside purely in Mr. Gladstone's intellectual power. It was not because Mr. Gladstone was recognized as possessing the greatest mind in the country that Mrs. Gladstone was told, as a young girl, to "watch that young man, for he would one day be prime minister of England." Mr. Gladstone has hardly, perhaps, seen the things of the mind with the clearness, the detachment of the inner essence from the outer symbol, which marked Napoleon or Bismarck. He floods you with hopelessly conflicting views of all kinds and questions. He has spoken of the Income Tax as a dangerously democratic instrument of taxation; he has proposed to abolish

it;¹ he has apologized for it as a temporary expedient, while all through the later years of his statesmanship he has inevitably and wisely relied more and more upon it. Moreover, we have the reiterated contrast between the imperiousness of Mr. Gladstone's moral appeals and the compact Opportunism of the measures in behalf of which he has made them. Beyond question the best example of Gladstonian eloquence is the defence of the Reform Bill of 1866. But what was the measure over which Mr. Gladstone proudly waved the banner of the ideal? It was a proposal to enfranchise barely one hundred thousand voters out of an adult industrial England of four millions. It is still more difficult to explain why he has given over his elaborate theory of the almost divine nature of Church establishments, and has come round to his opponent Macaulay's view, that particular establishments can only rest on the consent of the people. It is this lack of philosophic insight which perhaps explains the fact that Mr. Gladstone spent two-thirds of his political life as a more or less loosely attached Conservative, and that his later career has given a consistent stimulus to political and social democracy.

Unfortunately this earlier Gladstone gave no especial attention to factory legislation or trade unionism, and Lord Shaftesbury was able to quote him as an opponent of the Ten Hours Bill. On the other hand, his proposal to nationalize English railways in 1844, and the actual provision made for the free conveyance of children and the cheap carriage of workmen, are by no means the only measures of practical Socialism for which Mr. Gladstone has been responsible. The fact remains, however, that in 1885 Mr. Gladstone was seriously alarmed at the spread of Socialism in the Liberal party, and privately expressed his keen apprehension

of it. But none of these surface inconsistencies appear when we enter the region of emotion and belief within which Mr. Gladstone's life has been so largely spent. No one, for instance, can imagine him abandoning the orthodox view of the Book of Genesis, or agreeing to put the question of free divorce to the Referendum. Of nobler and more enduring quality has been his view, perhaps the one *idée fixe* of his whole career, that international relations ought to be based not merely on the exchanges of diplomacy, but on a certain free and generous ethical dealing between the peoples. When we contrast his foreign policy, unsuccessful as it has often been, with that of Metternich and of Palmerston, we can measure with accuracy the mighty moral advance which his political life has ensured. It is possible that the actual measure of progress has not been great. Diplomats may have laughed in their sleeves at Mr. Gladstone's humanitarianism. But here again he has made a great contribution of personality. In the Don Pacifico debate he used the language more of a cosmopolitan than of a patriot. In the Crimean war, and the Chinese war, and the wars with Afghanistan and with the Boers, and on our policy on the Eastern question, he has been haunted, as the average man seldom is haunted, by the idea that if his country was in the wrong, he was bound as an Englishman, no less than as a citizen of the world, to say so. It is impossible to maintain that such an attitude is not at times of the greatest practical use to nations with foreign policies. If France had been less self-confident, less exclusively devoted to the materialist side of patriotism, she might have been saved the disaster of 1870. If Pitt could have kept back the patriotic passion of England, we should not have been dragged into the French wars. Few men are popular who even appear to love justice more than their own country. But if modern Europe is to live in peace, the race of Gladstones will never, one may well hope, be extinguished.

¹ It is only fair to say that some years ago I had Mr. Gladstone's authority for saying that his effort at the close of his first ministry to do away with the Income Tax was subordinate to a general idea of readjustment of the taxes on property, especially of the death dues.

It is indeed when we reach the sphere of the emotions that we find Mr. Gladstone consistently at his greatest. Not even the radiant and copious charm of his speech, the inexhaustible delights of

The rapt attention flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace

And music in the bounds of law,

To those conclusions when we saw

The God within him light his face,

attract us so powerfully as the kindling fervor of the nature which for eighty-four years has lit and sustained the inner fire. Mr. Gladstone has had some temperamental disadvantages for the pursuit of a career of action. Never a mere man of the world, his judgments on those around him have been more simple than shrewd. His tactics, now profound and patient, have now again been remarkable for nothing more than a certain splendor of rashness. He wrecked his party twice when a smaller man would have tried to build it up on shifty compromises. But he has been forgiven all because he has made the people feel that the curse of the old Whiggery—the long and indolent possession of power—might very well become the bane of the new Liberalism. In all these things his merit has been to impress the moral that the running is well-nigh as important as the prize; that controversy can be conducted without meanness of speech, without cruelty, without vulgarity; above all, that the business of life can only be pursued in happiness by steady appeal to the higher emotions, the permanent sensibilities of mankind, as well as by an incessant personal effort which reminds one of nothing so much as a general galloping from end to end of his line of battle. In that he resembles Lassalle, who, however, had the immense advantage over Mr. Gladstone that he started on great and living ideas instead of on small and dying ones. Mr. Gladstone's moral service to his countrymen has on this side been exemplary. He has taken out of Dissent much of its pettiness, its want of culture, and its provincialism, while

he has enlisted its sturdiness and its love of liberty. He has tried and failed to keep the Church and the aristocracy sensitive to new movements, devoted to public duty, and willing to accept his own "flesh and blood" theory of government. Of his thousands of speeches there is nothing to report but the almost exaggerated tenderness and chivalry of the elder personal sentiment. Among his contemporaries and rivals he has probably thought worst of Palmerston and Beaconsfield. But he never spoke a discourteous word either to or of them, even at the time when "tempest-toss'd Gladstone," as Greville described him, seemed to be steering straight to wreck, and when Palmerston, representing everything that he most hated, barred the way to anything like a free career. But it is Mr. Gladstone's transcendent merit to have kept politics at once warm and high-minded.

It is at this point that we grasp the significance of the change which the substitution of Lord Rosebery for Mr. Gladstone involves. In Mr. Gladstone we have had the most supreme instance known to modern history of what can be achieved by the man acting more consistently from spiritual impulse than from intellectual conviction. The temperamental change to Lord Rosebery, whether it be a loss or a gain, is enormous. Lord Rosebery has perhaps never had what the Methodist would call an "experience," though his connection with the London County Council showed a very near approach to a purely sympathetic view of politics, and has deeply affected both the color and the content of all his public utterances which date from 1889. His strength of character no one denies, and it is all to the good that, in contrast to the shifty and facile conversions of the average partisan, Lord Rosebery's mental processes, like Mr. Gladstone's, are slow, while they are not sustained by the quick, emotional fire which blazed almost in an hour into activity in the crusades against the Irish Church and the Act of Union. In their earlier stages they exhibit a reluctant abandonment of Lord Rose-

bery's class privileges, and in their later a strong intellectual grasp of what modern social democracy may come to mean. For there can be no question that the transition from Mr. Gladstone to Lord Rosebery represents the inevitable landslide from the old to the new Radicalism. Mr. Labouchere's ingenious excursions and alarms have in some measure obscured this fact, but to a close observer of the Parliamentary situation it was obvious from the first. Such strength as the vanished cave ever represented came from a body of politicians sincerely devoted to the old notions of the overwhelming importance of constitutional as against social change, but themselves out of harmony with many of the points on which all the popular running has been made during the last five years. Mr. Labouchere himself was one of the earliest foes of the eight-hours movement. He was a heretic on the vital point of "contracting out." He helped to give his enemies, the Lords, the leverage they used over the Employers' Liability Bill, and like a good economist of the Joseph Hume type, he was horrified at the notion of asking one set of citizens to pay pennies to lighten the school work of the children of another set. Mr. Gladstone's absorption in Parliamentary work, and his earlier associations, barred him out from following closely either the rise or the later developments of trade unionism, co-operation — "the State within the State," as Lord Rosebery happily called it — or urban local government. This was inevitable, but when the really vigorous body of democratic opinion had to decide on a chief, no one was surprised to find trade unionist leaders pushing aside the accident of Lord Rosebery's birth with almost complete indifference, asking what had they to do with the most devoted and most brilliant of the mere Gladstonian partisans, but keenly exercised over the premier's association with the London County Council and the Coal Strike.

We see now, indeed, that any other step than a Rosebery premiership would have been instantly fatal to the Lib-

eral party. To have had average Gladstonianism without the quick salt of Mr. Gladstone's genius, and without its vast and impressive emotional background, might have been almost as unfortunate as would have been Mr. Gladstone's decision to come out about 1859 on Lord Derby's side instead of on Lord Palmerston's. To have asked an extremely adroit and fervid party pulpiteer — long past middle life and deeply committed to the elder officialism — to wear Mr. Gladstone's armor, to succeed to a man of the old heroic type: —

Les titans, les lutteurs aux gigantesques
tailles,
Les fauves promeneurs rôdant dans les ba-
tailles —

would have been to condemn the Liberal party to the permanent sterility which threatened to afflict it even during the second Gladstone administration.

In another sense the acceptance of Sir William Harcourt would have been a mistake. Mr. Gladstone is the first of the true cosmopolitan statesmen. His temperament, humane, expansive, more artistic than severely logical, intensely interested in the world's affairs, has always been ready to take coloring from other soils than our own. These are noble and rare attributes, but they are a little dangerous to the popularity of an English prime minister. And cosmopolitanism, widely as it still influences democratic feeling, has of late had to contend against a renaissance of the national sentiment, which, as Dr. Pearson believes, and as many tendencies would seem to indicate, will in all probability determine the immediate development of State Socialism. Sir William Harcourt inherits his old leader's anti-Jingoism, just as Lord Rosebery represents the later and powerful reaction in favor of a modified imperialism.

I come, therefore, to the main purpose of this brief article — the enforcement of the moral that Mr. Gladstone's successor must, in the main, shine by force of contrast with his illustrious

forerunner. Youth against age, nationalism against cosmopolitanism, the collectivist as against the individualist point of view, the development of local and industrial organizations as against the supreme attractions of life and warfare in the central Parliament, an approach to Federal Home Rule as opposed to Mr. Gladstone's more exclusive method—these are the main landmarks of the course along which the Liberal party is now being steered. The fate of the Rosebery administration may quite possibly not be a great one, though the signs of a Rosebery legend in the country are a notable testimony to the desire for intellectual novelty which sustains the new formation. But Lord Rosebery may very well succeed in settling nearly all the more urgent problems of his day—Home Rule, hereditary legislation, the complete unification of London, the eight-hours movement, the equipment of the London County Council with powers which would pave the way for the largest experiment in municipal collectivism known to the civilized world. He has great powers of action, the capacity for making up his mind with something of the instant dexterity with which the general seizes the happy tactical moment in a battle or a campaign. But his main source of strength lies in the social movement which made it inevitable that when Mr. Gladstone went he would be succeeded by a municipal statesman. Birmingham and Mr. Chamberlain would have been chosen if events had not willed it that London and Lord Rosebery should take their place. A reaction against the Parliamentary statesman pure and simple—a fear that, with a leader representing Mr. Gladstone without Mr. Gladstone's genius, Liberalism might be stricken with barrenness—was, after all, the natural outcome of the departure of the greatest of all Parliamentarians, the most fit and splendid embodiment of an age, unheroic but useful, in which he alone played a consistently poetic part.

H. W. MASSINGHAM.

From The New Review.

A NOTE ON WALT WHITMAN.

I.

FATIMA was permitted, nay encouraged, to make use of all the rooms, so elegantly and commodiously furnished, in Bluebeard Castle, with one exception. It was in vain that the housemaid and the cook pointed out to her that each of the ladies who had preceded her as a tenant had smuggled herself into that one forbidden chamber and had never come out again. Their sad experience was thrown away upon Fatima, who penetrated the fatal apartment and became an object of melancholy derision. The little room called "Walt Whitman," in the castle of literature, reminds one of that in which the relics of Bluebeard's levity were stored. We all know that discomfort and perplexity await us there, that nobody ever came back from it with an intelligible message, that it is piled with the bones of critics; yet such is the perversity of the analytic mind, that each one of us, sooner or later, finds himself peeping through the keyhole and fumbling at the lock.

As the latest of these imprudent explorers, I stand a moment with the handle in my hand and essay a defence of those whose skeletons will presently be discovered. Was it their fault? Was their failure not rather due to a sort of magic that hangs over the place? To drop metaphor, I am sadly conscious that, after reading what a great many people of authority and of assumption have written about Whitman—reading it, too, in a humble spirit—though I have been stimulated and entertained, I have not been at all instructed. Pleasant light, of course, has been thrown on the critics themselves and on their various peculiarities. But upon Whitman, upon the place he holds in literature and life, upon the questions, what he was and why he was, surely very little. To me, at least, after all the oceans of talk, after all the extravagant eulogy, all the mad vituperation, he remains perfectly cryptic and opaque. I find no reason given by these authorities

why he should have made his appearance, or what his appearance signifies. I am told that he is abysmal, putrid, glorious, universal, and contemptible. I like these excellent adjectives, but I cannot see how to apply them to Whitman. Yet, like a boy at a shooting-gallery, I cannot go home till I, too, have had my six shots at this running deer.

On the main divisions of literature it seems that a critic should have not merely a firm opinion, but sound argument to back that opinion. It is a pilgrim's mind that is satisfied with saying, "I like you, Dr. Fell, the reason why I cannot tell." Analysis is the art of telling the reason why. But still more feeble and slovenly is the criticism that has to say, "I liked Dr. Fell yesterday and I don't like him today, but I can give no reason." The shrine of Walt Whitman, however, is strewn around with remarks of this kind. Poor Mr. Swinburne has been cruelly laughed at for calling him a "strong-winged soul, with prophetic lips hot with the blood-beats of song," and yet a drunken apple-woman reeling in a gutter. But he is not alone in this inconsistency. Almost every competent writer who has attempted to give an estimate of Whitman has tumbled about in the same extraordinary way. Something mephitic breathes from this strange personality, something that maddens the judgment until the wisest lose their self-control.

Therefore, I propound a theory. It is this, that there is no real Walt Whitman, that is to say, that he cannot be taken as any other figure in literature is taken, as an entity of positive value and defined characteristics, as, for instance, we take the life and writings of Racine, or of Keats, or of Jeremy Taylor, including the style with the substance, the teaching with the idiosyncrasy. In these ordinary cases the worth and specific weight of the man are not greatly affected by our attitude towards him. An atheist or a Quaker may contemplate the writings of the Bishop of Dromore without sympathy; that does not prevent the "Holy Dy-

ing" from presenting, even to the mind of such an opponent, certain defined features which are unmodified by like or dislike. This is true of any fresh or vivid talent which may have appeared among us yesterday. But I contend that it is not true of Whitman. Whitman is mere *bathybius*; he is literature in the condition of protoplasm—an intellectual organism so simple that it takes the instant impression of whatever mood approaches it. Hence the critic who touches Whitman is immediately confronted with his own image stamped upon that viscid and tenacious surface. He finds, not what Whitman has to give, but what he himself has brought. And when, in quite another mood, he comes again to Whitman, he finds that other self of his own stamped upon the provoking protoplasm.

If this theory is allowed a moment's consideration, it cannot, I think, but tend to be accepted. It accounts for all the difficulties in the criticism of Whitman. It shows us why Mr. Stevenson has found a Stevenson in "Leaves of Grass," and John Addington Symonds a Symonds. It explains why Emerson considered the book "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet [in 1855] produced;" why Thoreau thought all the sermons ever preached not equal to it for preaching; why Italian *dilettanti* and Scandinavian gymnasts, anarchists, and parsons, and champions of women's rights, the most opposite and incongruous types, have the habit of taking Whitman to their hearts for a little while and then flinging him away from them in abhorrence, and, perhaps, of drawing him to them again with passion. This, however, I think occurs more rarely. Almost every sensitive and natural person has gone through a period of fierce Whitmanomania; but it is a disease which rarely afflicts the same patient more than once. It is, in fact, a sort of highly irritated egotism come to a head, and people are almost always better after it.

Unless we adopt some such theory as this, it is difficult to account in any

way for the persistent influence of Walt Whitman's writings. They have now lasted about forty years, and show no sign whatever of losing their vitality. Nobody is able to analyze their charm, yet the charm is undeniable. They present no salient features, such as have been observed in all other literature, from Homer and David down to the latest generation. They offer a sort of Plymouth Brethrenism of form, a negation of all the laws and ritual of literature. As a book, to be a living book, must contain a vigorous and appropriate arrangement of words, this one solitary feature occurs in "*Leaves of Grass*." I think it is not to be denied by any candid critic, however inimical, that passages of extreme verbal felicity are to be found frequently scattered over the pages of Whitman's rhapsodies. But, this one concession made to form, there is no other. Not merely are rhythm and metre conspicuously absent, but composition, evolution, vertebation of style, even syntax and the limits of the English tongue, are disregarded. Every reader who comes to Whitman starts upon an expedition to the virgin forest. He must take his conveniences with him. He will make of the excursion what his own spirit dictates. There are solitudes, fresh air, rough landscape, and a well of water, but if he wishes to enjoy the latter he must bring his own cup with him. When people are still young and like roughing it, they appreciate a picnic into Whitman-land, but it is not meant for those who like to see their intellectual comforts round them.

II.

In the early and middle years of his life, Whitman was obscure and rarely visited. When he grew old, pilgrims not unfrequently took scrip and staff, and set out to worship him. Several accounts of his appearance and mode of address on these occasions have been published, and if I add one more it must be my excuse that the visit to be described was not undertaken in the customary spirit. All other accounts,

so far as I know, of interviews with Whitman have been written by disciples who approached the shrine adoring and ready to be dazzled. The visitor whose experience—and it was a very delightful one—is now to be chronicled, started under what was, perhaps, the disadvantage of being very unwilling to go; at least, it will be admitted that the tribute—for tribute it has to be—is all the more sincere.

When I was in Boston, in the winter of 1884, I had a note from Whitman asking me not to leave America without coming to see him. My first instinct was promptly to decline the invitation. Camden, New Jersey, was a very long way off. But better counsels prevailed; curiosity and civility combined to draw me, and I wrote to him that I would come. It would be fatuous to mention all this, if it were not that I particularly wish to bring out the peculiar magic of the old man, acting, not on a disciple, but on a stiff-necked and froward unbeliever.

To reach Camden, one must arrive at Philadelphia, where I put up on the 2nd of January, 1885, ready to pass over into New Jersey next morning. I took the hall-porter of the hotel into my confidence, and asked if he had ever heard of Mr. Whitman. Oh, yes, they all knew "*Walt*," he said; on fine days he used to cross over on the ferry and take the tram into Philadelphia. He liked to stroll about in Walnut Street and look at the people, and if you smiled at him he would smile back again; everybody knew "*Walt*." In the North, I had been told that he was almost bedridden, in consequence of an attack of paralysis. This seemed inconsistent with wandering round Philadelphia. The distance being considerable, I started early on the 3rd, crossed the broad Delaware River, where blocks of ice bumped and crackled around us, and saw the flat shores of New Jersey expanding in front, raked by the broad morning light. I was put ashore in a crude and apparently uninhabited village, grim with that concentrated ugliness that

only an American township in the depth of winter can display. Nobody to ask the way, or next to nobody. I wandered aimlessly about, and was just ready to give all I possessed to be back again in New York, when I discovered that I was opposite No. 328 Mickle Street, and that on a minute brass plate was engraved "W. Whitman." I knocked at this dreary little two-story tenement house, and wondered what was going to happen. A melancholy woman opened the door; it was too late now to go away. But before I could speak, a large figure, hobbling down the stairs, called out in a cheery voice, "Is that my friend?" Suddenly, by I know not what magnetic charm, all wire-drawn literary reservations faded out of being, and one's only sensation was of gratified satisfaction at being the "friend" of this very nice old gentleman.

There was a good deal of greeting on the stairs, and then the host, moving actively, though clumsily, and with a stick, advanced to his own dwelling-room on the first story. The opening impression was, as the closing one would be, of extreme simplicity. A large room, without carpet on the scrubbed planks, a small bedstead, a little round stove with a stack-pipe in the middle of the room, one chair—that was all the furniture. On the walls and in the fireplace such a miserable wall-paper, —tinted, with a spot,—as one sees in the bedrooms of laborers' cottages; no pictures hung in the room, but pegs and shelves loaded with objects. Various boxes lay about, and one huge clamped trunk, and heaps, mountains of papers in a wild confusion, swept up here and there into stacks and peaks; but all the room, and the old man himself, clean in the highest degree, raised to the nth power of stainlessness, scoured and scrubbed to such a pitch that dirt seemed defied for all remaining time. Whitman, in particular, in his suit of hodden grey and shirt thrown wide open at the throat, his grey hair and whiter beard voluminously flowing, seemed positively blanched with cleanliness; the

whole man sand-white with spotlessness, like a deal table that has grown old under the scrubbing-brush.

Whitman sat down in the one chair with a small poker in his hand and spent much of his leisure in feeding and irritating the stove. I cleared some papers away from off a box and sat opposite to him. When he was not actively engaged upon the stove his steady attention was fixed upon his visitor, and I had a perfect opportunity of forming a mental picture of him. He sat with a very curious pose of the head thrown backward, as if resting it one vertebra lower down the spinal column than other people do, and thus tilting his face a little upwards. With his head so poised and the whole man fixed in contemplation of the interlocutor, he seemed to pass into a state of absolute passivity, waiting for remarks or incidents, the glassy eyes half closed, the large, knotted hands spread out before him. So he would remain, immovable for a quarter of an hour at a time, even the action of speech betraying no movement, the lips hidden under a cascade of beard. If it be true that all remarkable human beings resemble animals, then Walt Whitman was like a cat—a great old grey Angora Tom, alert in repose, serenely blinking under his combed waves of hair, with eyes inscrutably dreaming.

His talk was elemental, like his writings. It had none of the usual ornaments or irritants of conversation. It welled out naturally, or stopped; it was innocent of every species of rhetoric or epigram. It was the perfectly simple utterance of unaffected urbanity. So, I imagine, an Oriental sage would talk, in a low, uniform tone, without any excitement or haste, without emphasis, in a land where time and flurry were unknown. Whitman sat there with his great head tilted back, smiling serenely, and he talked about himself. He mentioned his poverty, which was patent, and his paralysis; those were the two burdens beneath which he crouched, like Issachar; he seemed to be quite at home with both of them, and scarcely heeded them. I

think I asked leave to move my box, for the light began to pour in at the great uncurtained window; and then Whitman said that some one had promised him a gift of curtains, but he was not eager for them, he thought they "kept out some of the light." Light and air, that was all he wanted; and through the winter he sat there patiently waiting for the air and light of summer, when he would hobble out again and bask his body in a shallow creek he knew "back of Camden." Meanwhile he waited, waited with infinite patience, uncomplaining, thinking about the sand, and the thin, hot layer of water over it, in that shy New Jersey creek. And he winked away in silence, while I thought of the Indian poet Valmiki, when, in a trance of voluptuous abstraction, he sat under the fig-tree and was slowly eaten of ants.

In the bareness of Whitman's great double room only two objects suggested art in any way, but each of these was appropriate. One was a print of a Red Indian given him, he told me, by Catlin; it had inspired the passage about "the red aborigines" in "Starting from Paumanok." The other—positively the sole and only thing that redeemed the bareness of the back room where Whitman's bound works were stored—was a photograph of a young man in a boat, sculling. I asked him about this portrait, and he said several notable things in consequence. He explained, first of all, that this was one of his greatest friends, a professional oarsman from Canada, a well-known sporting character. He continued, that these were the people he liked best, athletes who had a business in the open air; that those were the plainest and most affectionate of men, those who lived in the light and air and had to study to keep their bodies clean and fresh and ruddy; that his soul went out to such people, and that they were strangely drawn to him, so that at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, when the world reviled him and ridiculed him most, fortunate men of this kind, highly prosperous as gymnasts or

runners, had sought him out and had been friendly to him. "And now," he went on, "I only wait for the spring, to hobble out with my staff into the woods, and when I can sit all day long close to a set of woodmen at their work, I am perfectly happy, for something of their life mixes with the smell of the chopped timber, and it passes into my veins and I am old and ill no longer." I think these were his precise words, and they struck me more than anything else that he said throughout that long and pleasant day I spent with him.

It might be supposed, and I think that even admirers have said, that Whitman had no humor. But that seemed to me not quite correct. No boisterous humor, truly, but a gentle sort of sly fun, something like Tennyson's, he certainly showed. For example, he told me of some tribute from India, and added, with a twinkling smile, "You see, I 'sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.'" But this was rare; mostly he seemed dwelling in a vague, pastoral past life, the lovely days when he was young, and went about with "the boys" in the sun. He read me many things; a new "poem," intoning the long, irregular lines of it not very distinctly; and a preface to some new edition. All this has left, I confess, a dim impression, swallowed up in the serene self-unconsciousness, the sweet, dignified urbanity, the feline immobility.

As I passed from the little house and stood in dull, deserted Mickle Street once more, my heart was full of affection for this beautiful old man, who had just said in his calm accents, "Good-bye, my friend!" I felt that the experience of the day was embalmed by something that a great poet had written, but I could not find what it was till we started once more to cross the frosty Delaware; then it came to me, and I knew that when Shelley spoke of

A peace within and calm around,
And that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd,

he had been prophesying of Walt Whitman, nor shall I ever read those lines again without thinking of the old rhapsodist in his empty room, glorified by patience and philosophy.

And so an unbeliever went to see Walt Whitman and was captivated without being converted.

III.

IT is related of the great Condé that, at the opening of his last campaign, sunken in melancholy, half maddened with fatigue and the dog-star heat of summer, reaching at length the cool meadows in front of the Abbey of St. Antoine, he suddenly leaped from his horse, flung away his arms and his clothing, and rolled stark naked in the grass under a group of trees. Having taken this bath amidst his astonished officers, he rose smiling and calm, permitted himself to be dressed and armed anew, and rode to battle with all his accustomed resolution. The instinct which this anecdote illustrates lies deep down in human nature, and the more we are muffled up in social conventions the more we occasionally long for a whimsical return to nudity. If a writer is strong enough, from one cause or another, to strip the clothing off from civilization, that writer is sure of a welcome from thousands of over-civilized readers.

Now the central feature of the writings of Walt Whitman is their nakedness. In saying this I do not refer to half-a-dozen phrases, which might with ease be eliminated, that have thrown Mrs. Grundy into fits. No responsible criticism will make a man stand or fall by what are simply examples of the carrying of a theory to excess. But of the theory itself I speak, and it is one of uncompromising openness. It is a defence of bare human nature, stripped, not merely of all its trappings and badges, but even of those garments which are universally held necessary to keep the cold away. In so many of his writings, and particularly, of course, in the "Discours" of 1750, Rousseau undertook the defence of social nudity. He called upon his world, which prided

itself so much upon its elegance, to divest the body politic of all its robes. He declared that while nature has made man happy and virtuous, society it is that renders him miserable and depraved, therefore let him get rid of social conventions and roll in the grass under the elm-trees. The invitation, as I have said, is one which never lacks acceptance, and Rousseau was followed into the forest by a multitude.

If Walt Whitman goes further than Rousseau, it merely is that he is more elementary. The temperament of the American is in every direction less complex. He has none of the restless intellectual vivacity, none of the fire, none of the passionate hatred of iniquity which mark the French philosopher. With Walt Whitman a coarse simplicity suffices, a certain blunt and determined negation of artificiality of every kind. He is, roughly speaking, a keenly observant and sentient being, without thought, without selection, without intensity, egged on by his nervous system to a revelation of himself. He records his own sensations one after another, careful only to present them in veracious form, without dexterity or rhetoric. His charm for others is precisely this, that he observes so closely, and records so great a multitude of observations, and presents them with so complete an absence of prejudice, that any person who approaches his writings with an unbiassed mind must discover in them a reflection of some part of himself. This I believe to be the secret of the extraordinary attraction which these rhapsodical utterances have for most emotional persons at one crisis or another in their life's development. But I think criticism ought to be able to distinguish between the semi-hysterical pleasure of self-recognition and the sober and legitimate delights of literature.

The works of Walt Whitman cover a great many pages, but the texture of them is anything but subtle. When once the mind perceives what it is that Whitman says, it is found that he repeats himself over and over again, and that all his "gospel" (as the odious

modern cant puts it) is capable of being strained into very narrow limits. One "poem" contains at least the germ of all the sheaves and sheaves of writing that Whitman published. There is not one aspect of his nature which is not stated, or more than broadly hinted at, in the single piece which he named after himself, "Walt Whitman." It was appropriately named, for an unclothing of himself, an invitation to all the world to come and prove that, stripped of his clothes, he was exactly like everybody else, was the essence of his religion, his philosophy, and his poetry.

It is not unfair to concentrate attention on the section of sixty pages which bears the name "Walt Whitman" in the volume of his collected writings. It is very interesting reading. No truly candid person meeting with it for the first time, and not previously prejudiced against it, could but be struck with its felicities of diction and its air of uncontrolled sincerity. A young man of generous impulses could scarcely, I think, read it, and not fall under the spell of its sympathetic illusions. It contains unusually many of those happy phrases which are, I contend, the sole purely literary possession of Whitman. It contains dozens of those closely packed lines in each of which Whitman contrives to concentrate a whole picture of some action or condition of nature. It contains, perhaps, the finest, certainly the most captivating, of all Whitman's natural apostrophes:—

Press close, bare-bosom'd night! Press
close, magnetic, nourishing night!
Night of south winds! night of the large
few stars!
Still, nodding night! mad, naked summer
night!
Smile, O voluptuous, cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset! earth of the
mountains, misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon,
just tinged with blue!

Earth of shine and dark, mottling the tide
of the river!
Earth of the limpid grey of clouds, brighter
and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping, elbow'd earth! rich, apple-
blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes!

All this represents the best side of the author; but "Walt Whitman" exhibits his bad sides as well—his brutality, mis-styling itself openness, his toleration of the ugly and the forbidden, his terrible laxity of thought and fatuity of judgment.

If he reads "Walt Whitman" carefully, a reader of middle life will probably come to the conclusion that the best way to classify the wholly anomalous and irregular writer who produced it is to place him by himself as a maker of poems in solution. I am inclined to admit that in Walt Whitman we have just missed receiving from the New World one of the greatest of modern poets, but that we have missed it must at the same time be acknowledged. To be a poet it is not necessary to be a consistent and original thinker, with an elaborately balanced system of ethics. The absence of intellectual quality, the superabundance of the emotional, the objective, the pictorial are no reasons for undervaluing Whitman's imagination. But there is one condition which distinguishes art from mere amorphous expression; that condition is the result of a process through which the vague and engaging observations of Whitman never passed. He felt acutely and accurately, his imagination was purged of external impurities, he lay spread abroad in a condition of literary solution. But there he remained, an expanse of crystallizable substances, waiting for the structural change that never came; rich above almost all his coevals in the properties of poetry, and yet, for want of a definite shape and fixity, doomed to sit forever apart from the company of the poets.

EDMUND GOSSE.

From The Nineteenth Century.
A NEGLECTED SENSE.

A LARGE and choice collection of Japanese lacquer and metal ware has lately been brought together at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. During the somewhat laborious process of classifying, arranging, and cataloguing, nothing was more prominent than the large number of objects connected in one way or another with the burning of incense. Not only among the bronzes, which included censers of every description and design, but, where it was less to be expected, among the smaller objects of lacquer exhibited, we found that in a majority of cases the delicate little boxes so much prized by collectors had formerly served to hold incense of fragrant woods. Other large boxes there were, also of the very choicest lacquer, containing smaller ones arranged on trays, and sometimes other objects, as miniature braziers and packets of illuminated paper. Larger still, measuring perhaps a foot each way, are the boxes containing the complete equipment for the ancient Japanese game of perfumes, or more literally "incense arrangement" (*Kô-awase*).¹ There are so many points of interest connected with this game, and the ground is, as far as I know, so completely unexplored, that it may be worth while to give a somewhat detailed account of these objects and the uses to which they were put.

Closely packed, then, in a square box of lacquer, or it may be arranged in the drawers and on the shelves of a miniature cabinet, we find a number of elaborate implements. The greater lacquer artists of the eighteenth century, the Komas, the Kajikawas, and the Shunshos — but like other important objects of old lacquer they are never signed — had expended their highest skill not only in the decoration of the case, but also in that of the various contents. One scheme of decoration runs through

the whole, and the *motif* is never of a Chinese source. It is rather with the illustrations to the old Japanese literature, especially with those to the mediæval tales of chivalry known as the "Ise" and "Genji Monogatari," that the general plan of the decoration is connected. But although the Japanese say that the game is an ancient one, none of the examples in European collections, as far as I know, have any claim to an earlier date than the beginning of the last century. Without the aid of illustrations it would be tedious to describe in any detail the various objects and their uses, but some general idea may be given of this ceremonial game, which it is said was only played among the court nobles and the aristocracy. I have a small illustrated manuscript devoted to this subject, but although the various pieces are carefully drawn, there is no information beyond the mere names written at the side.

To play the game various kinds of incense and of fragrant wood are burnt either alone or in combination by one of the players, and it is the duty of the others, of whom there would appear to be three, to show that they recognized the perfumes by placing counters in certain positions on a chequered board. We find, then, within the case, or small cabinet, one or more smaller boxes, or it may be brocade cases, containing carefully folded bags of silk or gilt paper in which the incense is kept. Another box contains the fragrant woods and the charcoal for the brazier. With a small silver spatula, sometimes delicately inlaid with enamel, the incense is taken from its case and placed upon a silver-framed plate of mica, about an inch square; then with a silver forceps, inlaid like the spatula, the little mica plate supporting the pinch of incense is held over a small brazier provided with an open-work cover of silver, in which a few pieces of carefully prepared charcoal are glowing upon a well-smoothed bed of ashes.

By the side we have a tray of lacquer with a number of medallions of mother-of-pearl, each in the shape of a

¹ There were two sets of the perfume game displayed in the club exhibition, and the information given above is chiefly derived from the very complete account contributed to the catalogue by Mr. William Gowland. The boxes described belong to Sir Trevor Lawrence and to Mr. James Gurney.

chrysanthemum flower, or it may be of a maple leaf. When the incense is ignited the mica plate is placed to cool upon one of the medallions. Now apparently is the time for the other players to show their skill, by choosing the counter corresponding to the perfume burnt, and placing it in its proper position on the chequer board. These counters—there are one hundred and twenty of them in the set we are describing—are thin, oblong slips of dark wood, about an inch in length. On one side is inscribed a number, 1, 2, or 3, thirty counters for each number; this accounts for ninety; on the remaining thirty the character for the word "guest" is written. The guest is probably the player who is "in hand"—that is, burning the incense. On the other side of the counters we find a series of ten subjects, charming little miniature paintings, twelve counters for each subject. Such a series generally includes various flowers and birds, or maybe an insect, the moon, or a strange geometrical design resembling snow crystals. In one of the sets the subjects are the ten kinds of musical instruments used for the old court music. I have passed over a number of small implements, some for arranging the charcoal in the brazier and testing its temperature, others of uncertain use. In the more complete boxes we find, in addition, a set of miniature tools, a saw, a chisel, a knife, and a hammer, to be employed in cutting up the fragrant woods. Finally, in one instance, room is found for a writing-box (*suzuri-bako*), so that check may be kept of the progress of the game, or notes made upon interesting points.

I have so far been unable to find out what kinds of fragrant woods, whether native or imported, and what varieties of incense were employed. In all the sets that I have examined the papers were empty, and the inscriptions on them referred only to the designs on the counters. Tradition says that when the game was played, no scented flowers were allowed in the room.¹

¹ Mr. Kowaki sends me, too late for insertion in

Quite apart from the exquisite beauty and finish of the apparatus, there is one point of surpassing interest in this game. If the interpretation given is a correct one, the Japanese may claim to have developed the sense of smell to a higher point than we Western nations have any conception of. It is not a case, as with us, of the placid enjoyment of a simple stimulus, as when we smell a rose or the scent on a handkerchief, but here there is an intellectual effort made to distinguish one variety of stimulus from another, and even to analyze a compound odor into its elements. This we may compare to a case of a musician naming the different notes of the scale, or separating the several elements which are combined to form a harmony.

Surely there is a suggestion in this of a new branch of art, which I recommend especially to our French neighbors, and to those among us who are eager for fresh fields of aesthetic enjoyment. I think that the symbolic school of poets, and especially those who in their verses lay claim to the gift of associating visions of color with the various vowel sounds of their language, might with less difficulty evolve associations between perfumes and sounds,

the text, some additional facts that he has collected bearing on the use of incense in Japan. Incense, according to Japanese antiquaries, was brought to Japan by the Buddhist missionaries in the sixth century A.D. The earliest mention of an incense game is in the "Genji Monogatari," a romance of the tenth century, which deals chiefly with the amorous intrigues of an exiled prince. This is one of the most well-known works of the old court literature. We often find that the chapters are headed by a series of diagrams made up of horizontal and vertical lines, known as the *Kô-no-dzu* or incense diagrams. The manner probably in which these lines are joined refers in some way to different combinations of perfume. The period of the revival of arts at the close of the fifteenth century under the Ashikaga Shogun Yoshimasa is regarded as the time when the perfume game was most fully organized and most in vogue. As to what was burnt, natural woods and gum-resins exuding from certain trees are vaguely referred to by the authorities, but it is said the materials differed with the various schools of players. There is preserved at the temple of Shôshô-in, at Nara, some specimens of a scented wood, known as *Kan-jatai*, which were brought to Japan (I suppose from Korea or China) in the eighth century. The art of perfumes is referred to in the old books as the *Kô-dô*, the road or doctrine of incense.

for we well know that no sense has a stronger power of suggestion than that of smell. I have a suspicion, but no proof, that some association of this sort, whether with sound or sight, is sought by the Japanese in the little pictured counters that we have described.

It would seem that the idea of raising the olfactory sense to the level of an art has occurred to others before now. The French archæologist Didron took a special interest in this inquiry, and there are many allusions to it scattered through his "*Annales Archéologiques*." I find there a story (which, by the way, I strongly suspect of being apocryphal) of

a poor peasant from Brittany, of a dreamy and eccentric nature, who invented an "art of perfumes" while musing over the scents of the flowers of his native fields. He claimed to have discovered the harmonious relation existing between odors. He came to Paris with a perfume box of many compartments to give a "concert of perfumes," passed, however, for a madman, and returning to his native home died in obscurity.

Again, more than one ingenious person has constructed a scale of perfumes, finding parallels between different scents and the notes of an octave. There are, indeed, points of resemblance between the terminations of the olfactory nerve on the surface of the mucous membrane which lines the passages at the back of the nose, and the arrangement at the end of the nerve of hearing known as the organ of Corti. In fact, certain physiologists have gone so far as to doubt whether the stimulus to the olfactory nerve be really a mechanical one, rather than some form of vibratory movement.

We nowadays pay so little heed to the pleasures to be derived from the sense of smell, and are at such pains to avoid contact with unpleasant odors, that there is a danger of our losing the sense altogether. Professor Michael Foster, treating the subject from the point of view of the comparative biologist, recognizes this sense in man as in some degree vestigial, "the remnant

of a once powerful mechanism. With this," he says, "we may connect the fact that the olfactory fibres have connected with them virtually a whole segment of the brain (the olfactory lobes)." He further points out that the olfactory sensations seem to have an unusually direct path to the inner working of the nervous system. As related to this close connection with the higher nervous centres he mentions the powerful reflex effects of a few odorous particles which may cause fainting or dizziness, and also the well-known action of smells as links of association.

The surpassing importance of the sense of smell among the lower forms of animal life is obvious and need not be dwelt upon here. I would, however, call to mind that from the point of view of the evolutionist it is as a means of attracting the various forms of insect life, and transferring by their agency the pollen of one flower to the stigma of another, that the scent of flowers is to be regarded; not in order to please us, else why should we find flowers whose smell resembles carrion? Again, in the lower forms of vertebrate life, nothing is more striking than the inordinate size of the olfactory lobes, in comparison with the rest of the brain. These projecting lobes form the very forefront of the whole nervous system, and although in the higher forms of life they are completely masked by the cerebral lobes that spread out over them, their position in regard to the central column of the nervous system remains the same. For this reason, in the long series of cerebro-spinal nerves the pair that conveys the sensation of smell to the brain has the first place, and is known to anatomists as Nerve No. 1.

It would seem, then, that in man the nerves and brain centres that subserve the sense of smell are poorly developed, in some degree vestigial, structures. It would not be too strong a statement to make that in civilized man, and especially in the Englishman of the present day, this sense remains merely as the vestige of a vestige.

Consider the large part played by the sense of smell in the life of a dog. Or take the case of a wild animal. To obtain food for itself, and to avoid being eaten, these are the essential points, and it would fare badly with the hunting or the hunted animal were it to lose anything of the delicacy of its *flair*. Compare with this the importance in our modern life and the amount of practical advantage which we derive from "a good nose." Not but that cases arise when fatal effects may follow from neglect of the warning which we receive from a bad smell, for it would seem that it is to the bad smell which warns us rather than to the pleasant odor which attracts us that we attach most importance.

It may be well to point out here that a large part of what we regard as gustatory pleasures and pains are strictly to be credited to the sense of smell. The aroma of wine and the flavor of spices have their source not on the tongue or palate but in the remote chambers and passages that extend far back under the base of the skull, and over the surface of which the olfactory nerves are distributed. So much is this the case that we may claim for our sense of smell nearly all that is most refined and elaborated in the pleasures of the table. Again, it has been said that this sense is intellectually put out of court as a source of information about the external world by the absence of any muscular connections. It is generally held that it is from the combination of our muscular sense with the purely passive elements of sight and touch that we derive our conception of an external world. But these muscular connections are not so completely absent in the case of smell as they are in that of taste. Witness the movements of the nostrils in a dog, or even in some men, in the operation we know as sniffing. Indeed, were we to take an imaginative flight and suppose ourselves provided with a flexible proboscis, whether artificial or developed in the course of ages, there is no knowing to what intellectual and æsthetic heights we might attain by

means of this sense; it is quite certain that, with such an advantage, a perfume game far exceeding in complication that of the Japanese might be devised, and so provided a man, were he both blind and deaf, might form many inferences as to the external world. And here I may mention the case of the boy James Mitchell, often quoted in medical works; he was a deaf mute and blind from birth, "but distinguished people by their smell, and by means of it even formed judgments as to their character." This was an intellectual development of our poor sense with a vengeance.

A sense that at the dawn of civilization was a declining one, and since then has tended to become less and less of value, would appear to have little chance of gaining an important position in any branch of human culture. And yet it came about that one characteristic of the exciting cause of odors brought them into prominence in the service of religion, and this prominence has continued in that connection up to the present day. Far back in the history of our race, at any rate long before the dawn of history, the apparently immaterial and, so to speak, ghostly nature of the exciting cause of the sensations of smell led, it would seem, step by step, to the use of incense in the service of the gods. When it began to be felt that the ancestral or other spirit that had to be appeased was hardly of a nature to consume the material food or drink offered to it, to appease its wrath or to gain its favor, an easy step of reasoning suggested that this food or liquid would be more acceptable in the form of smoke or vapor. The gods had become of too spiritual a nature actually to eat the food, but they would still require some form of nourishment, and what could be more suitable to them than the fumes of burnt flesh? This is the conception that is prominent, or at all events survives, in the description of sacrifices in the *Iliad*, where the thick clouds from the burning thighs of the slaughtered oxen, and from the fat in which they were wrapped, ascend to

Olympus and cheer the assembled gods. It was but a step from this to the burning of fragrant woods and resin to provide a less gross gratification. Moreover, by the consumption in their honor of these precious spices and fragrant gums, obtained at so much cost and trouble, another motive of sacrifice was satisfied.

The Egyptians in the preparation of their mummies had need of a vast store of spices and aromatics. This need no doubt was the origin of their trade with southern Arabia—the land of Punt—a trade which attained to great importance under the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties. That, in search of aromatics, there was also a more northern trade route which must in early days have brought them into contact with the Jews, we shall see later on.

The Egyptians in this respect were far in advance of the Greeks of Homer. They burned their incense in a censer, using it in a similar way to the Buddhists and Christians of later days.

In the papyri of the "Book of the Dead," we see the priest, clad in a panther skin, standing in front of the mummy, pouring, with one hand, a libation from a flask, while in the other he holds a censer of peculiar form, an open cup with a long, horizontal handle, whose further extremity is shaped like a hawk's head. Small pellets of incense are taken from a basin attached to the handle, and adroitly scattered on to the burning embers in the cup. We see also spherical vessels opening horizontally, either for holding or burning the incense. The incense of the Egyptians, according to Plutarch, was composed of fragrant resins, myrrh, and an elaborate compound called Kuphi.

We are all familiar with the frequent references to the burning of incense in the Old Testament. In the books of Leviticus and Exodus we find elaborate laws laid down for the burnt offering. In the light of modern criticism we must regard these laws as descriptive of the ritual of the second temple, or

rather as an ideal cult which the priests of that time were desirous of having the means of carrying out. In addition to the large altar for the burnt offering, there should be a smaller one, a cubit square, of shittim wood covered with gold.

Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha, and galbanum; these sweet spices with pure frankincense; of each shall there be equal weight. And thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy. And thou shalt beat some of it very small. . . . It shall be unto thee holy for the Lord. Whoever shall make it like unto that to smell thereto, shall even be cut off from his people.

For apothecary the marginal note says we may read perfumer, a connection characteristic of the East generally. These directions are for the service of the smaller altar, but with the sacrifices on the larger altar of burnt offerings incense was also associated. "Thou shalt put oil upon it, and lay frankincense thereon."

The anointing oil was itself a fragrant mixture, compounded of spice, myrrh, sweet cinnamon, sweet calamus, cassia, and olive oil, "an ointment compounded after the art of the apothecary." These careful receipts—and there are many more which it would be tedious to quote—are of interest as throwing light on the doubtless similar perfumes of the Egyptians, and also because they have served as a model for the many ceremonial uses of incense and fragrant oils in the ritual of the Roman and still more of the Greek Church.

Let me here be allowed to quote a well-known passage from the story of Joseph (Genesis xxxvii. 25), part of a narrative much older than the Levitical law. After Joseph's brethren had cast him into the pit:—

they sat down to eat bread; and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.

Here we have a glimpse of that old-world trade which continued with little

change until the Turkish conquest of Egypt and the maritime discoveries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The quotation, at the same time, brings forcibly before us the importance of spices and fragrant resins in that trade. In this case it was from the regions east of the Jordan that the caravan is represented as coming. The most important source, however, of the raw materials for incense has always been the southern coast of Arabia, and the African lands on the other side of the straits, one or other of which was probably the land known to the Egyptians as Punt.

It is precisely these districts which are the special home of the *Amyridaceæ*, the natural order of plants which are characterized by their fragrant resinous and gum-resinous juices. The genus *Boswellia* (the name is perhaps not sufficiently exotic) produces the frankincense of the Bible, and the gum-resin known as *olibanum*. *Balsamodendron*, the other important genus of the order, yields myrrh, and from other species the Balm of Gilead and the gum called *Bdellium* in the Bible are obtained.

In "Paradise Lost" we read how
to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are
past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest, with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and
many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old ocean
smiles.

Milton then goes on to speak of the fiend Asmodeus, and the passage introduces so curious a point that I must quote it also. Satan, he says, was better pleased with the odorous sweets of Paradise

Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamoured, from
the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt, there fast
bound.

In fact, it seems to me that this reference to Asmodeus is a good deal

more germane to my subject than to Milton's. Every one knows the charming story of Tobit, how he journeyed to Ecbatane with the angel, and to what use he put the gall-bladder and the liver of the fish, "which leaped out of the river and would have devoured him;" how

he took the ashes of the perfumes, and burnt the heart and the liver of the fish thereon, and made a smoke therewith. The which smell when the evil spirit had smelled, he fled into the uttermost parts of Egypt, and the angel bound him.

I quote this passage to prove that not only may spiritual beings be attracted by pleasant odors, but that they may when desirable be driven away by evil ones.

If the Jews of old gave so much importance to incense in the ritual of their worship, it would seem that the delight in perfumes was equally a feature of their secular life, and we have seen that they were expressly forbidden to use the temple incense in their own houses. In that wonderful poem that we know in our Bible as the Song of Solomon, the air is heavy with perfume. Here the Shulamite sings, "My hands dropped with myrrh and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh," and Solomon is "perfumed with myrrh and frankincense and all the powders of the merchant." There is constant mention of "spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all the trees of frankincense; myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices." "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." This perfumed wind has blown through the ages and inspired the imagery of Milton and of Tennyson.

When the Shulamite says that her fingers dropped with sweet smelling myrrh, we must accept this literally, however opposed to our modern ideas. The liquid scents of the ancients must have been of an oily nature. They are still so in the East, and the semi-liquid attar-of-roses may perhaps give us some idea of what they were like.

There are plenty of similar allusions in classical literature, and we must think of the graceful youth *perfusus liquidis odoribus* whom Horace warns against the fickle charms of Pyrrha, as similarly anointed, doubtless after the bath. These words Milton translates "bedewed with liquid odors," and he elsewhere speaks, classically as usual, of one of the followers of Comus, "dropping odors, dropping wine." The use of alcohol as a solvent for the essential oil of flowers is a comparatively modern practice, and can only have been introduced after the process of distillation had become generally known.

It will be observed that in the above quotations from the Old Testament there is no mention of a movable censer. The incense was burnt upon an altar, and such appears to have been the general practice in classical times. In representations of sacrifice in Roman bas-reliefs, we see an attendant holding a square box (*acerra*), from which he transfers the incense to the altar, with some kind of spoon (*ligula*). In the Jewish ritual there is constant reference to the spoon of gold to hold fifty shekels of frankincense.

The use of incense in the early Christian Church would appear at first to have met with strong opposition, and in the contradictory statements of the early fathers we see the traces of a warm controversy. That enthusiastic archæologist, Didron, in his "*Annales Archéologiques*," has collected a wealth of information bearing on the use of perfumes in the different Christian rituals. Writing as a pious mediævalist, he contrasts the pagan abuse of perfumes, ministering to their wildest orgies, with their more spiritual and refined employment in the service of the Church. Certainly at no time has the cult of perfumes been carried to a higher point than that reached by the wealthy Romans of the Empire; witness the important part that they play in the anecdotes of feasting and "fast" life which we find scattered through the pages of Apuleius, Petronius, Athenæus, and Lucian. In his "*Banquet*"

Athenæus quotes an authority who recommends "that the legs should be washed with an Egyptian perfume taken from a box of gold, the mouth and the breast with a liquor made from dates, the arms with mint, the eyebrows and hair with majoram, the knees and the neck with thyme." In these *débauches de l'odorat* the very vessels from which they drank, brought at great expense from Egypt, were manufactured from perfumed clay, and fired in a kiln heated with aromatics. These were the scented cups from which the courtesans drank a syrup composed of pepper, myrrh, and Egyptian perfume.

It was a natural revolt against such practices that led Tertullian and in later days St. Augustin to inveigh against the use of incense. Moreover, to take a few grains of incense between the finger and thumb, and scatter them on an altar, was often all that was required by the authorities to repel the charge of belonging to the new and despised sect. And yet for all this the use of perfumes crept into the Church, and we find the early fathers adopting an apologetic and uncertain tone on the subject; we might almost accuse them of "hedging." Thus Tertullian says:—

It is true we burn no incense. If the Arabian complains of this, the Sabæan will testify that more of his merchandise and more costly is lavished on the burial of Christians than in burning incense to the gods.

Notice here the "good for trade" argument, which still survives, and again the distinction between the perfumes of Arabia (i.e., northern Arabia, in our use of the word) and the spices of Sabæa (Arabia Felix), which latter were probably largely used in the catacombs when embalming the dead. In another place Tertullian says somewhat apologetically:—

If the smell of any place offends me, I burn something of Arabia, but not with the same rite nor with the same appliances with which it is done before idols.¹

¹ These quotations from the fathers I find in an

This quotation points the way by which the use of incense crept into the Church ritual, so that by the third century the use of the censer was firmly established. Constantine is said to have presented a large thurible weighing thirty pounds to the Lateran Church. Like the pagan *thuribulum* sometimes used in place of an altar, we must think of this as an open vase, of gold or silver gilt studded with precious stones, standing on the ground in front of the altar.

An allegorical interpretation of the burning of incense was soon found. Thus an early writer says: "The thurible denotes the body of Christ, in which is fire—to wit, the Holy Spirit—from which proceeds a good odor which every one of the elect wishes to snatch for himself." In an early revival of the "Ordo Romanus" it is directed that "the thurible be carried about the altar, afterwards taken to the nostrils of the congregation, that the smoke may be drawn up towards the face by the hands." The frequent mention of incense in the Psalms, and the influence of the East generally, must have assisted in promoting its employment, especially in the Byzantine Church. Chosroes the Sassanian king is said to have presented a golden thurible to the Church of Constantinople.

The use of incense, however, is not an essential in any of the offices or sacraments, at least in the Roman Church. A much loftier position is held by the chrisma and the other consecrated oils. These in the Western Church are composed of a mixture of olive oil and balm. In the Greek Church the oil is mixed with cassia, myrrh, fragrant woods, and other aromatics, and much larger quantities are employed. The aroma of these consecrated oils follows the believer from his birth to his death-bed.

Very striking in the ritual of the Eastern Church is the extravagant use of incense. In Greece and in the Levant so much is this the case that it article on incense in Smith's "Dictionary of Biblical Antiquities."

produces oppression and headache in those not habituated to such an atmosphere. No doubt there is a purpose in this—the heavy, perfumed air serves as a stimulus to a devotional frame of mind; so, in the orgies of the later Romans, the spiced wines and the aromatics helped to promote other and baser passions. This at least is the opinion of the pious Didron. I think, too, that the heavy-eyed, "drugged" look so often noticeable in the *papas* of Greek convents and churches may be due in part to the constant exposure to these fumes.

In the mediæval legends of saints there is constant reference to the scent of lilies and roses, and the fragrant odors and perfumed oils that pour forth from the bodies of saints when their tombs are opened, are mentioned again and again. The sense of smell is accepted as the least gross of our senses, and the one which is most closely connected with a spiritual condition. The authority of Didron is again my excuse for quoting an Oriental legend which tells how "l'atêule de la Vierge avait conçu sainte Anne en respirant dans un jardin le parfum d'une rose."

I have left myself but little space to speak of the wonderful thuribles that survive from mediæval times, either in the treasuries of cathedrals or in private collections. The finest are unquestionably also the oldest, and date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries. One of the most beautiful known to us was bought for a few francs in an old iron shop at Lille, and is now, I think, in an English collection. An angel is seated on the top, and protects the three boys Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, mentioned in Daniel.¹ Perhaps the most famous of all thuribles is that preserved at Trèves; the cover is cast to represent a Romanesque church with gables, towers, and domes. The development of Gothic architecture may indeed be followed in the censers

¹ A spherical thurible of the twelfth century, smaller but apparently of identical design, is exhibited in the New Gallery. It is said to have been brought from a church at Pavia.

of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, for the designs are generally taken from the churches or shrines of the period. It is curious to find that in Russia the oldest and finest thuribles, as one in the Kremlin and another at Novgorod, are modelled after the fantastic and Oriental lines of the churches of that country.

The monk Theophilus, who wrote in the twelfth century, gives detailed directions for the casting of thuribles by the *cire perdue* process, and especially for the hammering and chasing of those made of repoussé work. He describes too the nacellæ or navettes, in which the church incense is kept, and these nacellæ have from this early date preserved the same shape. The rare examples surviving from mediæval times are beautiful boat-shaped vessels, generally of silver gilt finely chased, the prow and stem of the boat ending in a swan's neck and head. One of the earliest records of these vessels is in an inventory of Salisbury of the early thirteenth century, which mentions "four thuribles of silver and a silver nacella for the frankincense."

The only ingredient formally acknowledged in the incense of the Roman Church is the gum-resin *olibanum*, which should constitute at least one-half of the whole. I understand that the cheaper resins obtained from various species of pine are now frequently added in smaller or greater quantities.

It is, I think, not generally known that incense continued to be used at times in many of our English churches long after the Reformation. George Herbert says that the country parson, on great festivals, should see that his church is perfumed with incense and strewn with boughs. On the principal holidays it used to be the constant practice at Ely to burn incense on the altar of the cathedral "till Thomas Greene, one of the prebendaries, and now (1779) Dean of Salisbury, a *finical man, who is always taking snuff*, objected to it under pretence that it made his head ache" (*Notes and Queries*, September 15, 1883). Please note what is here said about the use of

snuff: "*Ceci a tué celà.*" With the introduction of tobacco commences the decline of the importance of perfumes. We may, indeed, include the taking of snuff among the forms of olfactory pleasures—a coarse and debased one, certainly. In that case the jewelled and enamelled snuff-boxes of the last century may be classed as the latest artistic outgrowth of the sense of smell.

Had I space, much might be said of the important place taken by perfumes in the civilization of the Renaissance, and of the scented dandies at the courts of the Valois kings, and of our own Elizabeth; there are frequent satirical references to them in the comedies of Shakespeare. What kinds of scent were then in use may be learnt from a little silver pomander, Italian work of the sixteenth century, in the collection at the New Gallery. These little scent cases were hung by a chain from a lady's girdle, and the one in question, though no larger than a plum, contains eight compartments, inscribed as follows: "*Ambra, moschete, viola, naransi (orange), garofalo, rosa, cedro, gesmine.*"

Before ending let us turn again to the far East. Among the ritual furniture of the different sects of Buddhism in China and Japan, vessels for incense of every variety of shape are found, and in our collection at the Burlington Fine Arts Club the incense burners held among the bronzes the same place of importance that the boxes for holding the incense took among the lacquer. The temple censers are usually uncovered, and stand in front of the altar. Into the accumulated bed of fine white ash are stuck what we irreverently call joss-sticks (manufactured, according to Rein, from the bark of a species of *Illicium*). It is the smoke from these sticks as they smoulder away that gives the characteristic smell to Buddhist temples, and indeed to Japanese interiors generally, for they are daily burnt before the little house-shrines. The covered incense vases take every variety of form, long-legged cranes and grotesque, lion-like monsters being per-

haps the commonest. There are spherical censers—these more for secular use—some suspended by silk cords, others containing within a cup supported on a universal joint, so that they may be rolled about without upsetting the incense. The Japanese had another means of employing perfume in the Choji-buro or “cloves bath,” which must have been in frequent use in old days, to judge by its common occurrence in collections of bronze and fayence. Cloves or other sources of perfume are heated in water over a small brazier, and the scented vapor escapes into the room. At the same time the Japanese pay comparatively little attention to the scent of flowers. They prefer the faint scent of the blossom of the plum (*Prunus Mumé*) to all others, to judge at least from a little poem that may be rendered, “Seek excellence among men in the Samurai, among flowers in the cherry-blossom, among perfumes in the plum-blossom, among objects of desire in the toshima.” The last word, by the way, is interpreted in the dictionaries as a woman of about thirty summers, more or less, a ripe age in Japan.

If I have said so little about flowers as a source of perfume, it is because it would be difficult, on this head, to concentrate the interest on the scent alone to the exclusion of the beauty of the source of the scent. Certainly, were we to search the poetical literature of the present century, we should find constant reference to the scent both of garden and of wild flowers, and hardly an allusion, unless perchance a contemptuous one, to perfumes of artificial origin. It is on the odors of the country, the sea and the mountain-side, that we poor town-dwellers love most to dwell.

I have hoped in this slight sketch to make evident the vastly greater importance of the sense of smell to the lower animals than to man, and to man in past ages and remote countries than to the western European of the present day. What remains to us of artificial perfumes survives chiefly in connection with two conservative institutions

which are regarded by some advanced philosophers as relics of a benighted past—the toilette of woman and the ritual of the Church.

EDWARD DILLON.

From The Speaker.

THE MEETING OF THE SEASONS.

THE daffodils once more transform the London streets, and one at least, as he turned a corner of the Strand, and came upon the earliest vision of their golden loveliness, laughed aloud with sheer joy in a supremely beautiful thing. Surely the daffodil is the gladdest flower that blows. The snowdrop is pale and peaky; we love it as we love a fragile child with the pitiful survey of its tiny span of life shadowed in its wistful eyes; the primrose's poetry has been vulgarized by association with the political antics of provincial dames; the fragrance of the violet we have always with us; but the daffodil seems born of the sweet, keen air and the laughing sun. Its petals, ineffably delicate yet so surely strong, are beautiful in line and texture as a virgin's limbs. The golden bells ring out gladness, and the joyous promise of a fruitful world. And oh! the skirl of the wind through the pine woods! The nomad spirit wakes with the wakening year, and for days the hum of the City's trafficking beats upon us, “Back to the soil, back to the soil!” And so it comes that one morning the old knapsack is pulled out from the lumber corner and eagerly packed with the few impedimenta of the tramp, and we gaily take the road.

The cheery whin is in bloom here and there on the wide common, and is it only imagination and the haunting echo of an August memory that carries on the wind the sweetness as of pineapple? (So laden comes the air when one toils up a seaward hill, where the heather glows and the yellow gorse flames under a summer sun.) As we stride along, everywhere there is color such as the town-dweller knows not to be under February skies. For the

bracken lies in tumbled masses under the brooding firs, and athwart the ranks of the tall red stems the sunlight comes in shafts, and turns the floor to ruddy gold. The beech-leaves still cling to the hedges, pale-brown, tawny, and here and there a glorious crimson. At a turn of the road a cross-wind catches some of the fallen leaves. They dance together and whirl like children, naked and sun-browned, at play on yellow sands. The slim, white stems of the birches shine, and the young shoots seem in the distance to float around them like a purple smoke. Color! The land is rich in color and jollity, and—yes, it is beautiful with the beautiful mystery of motherhood. It is, indeed, at this season of the year, above all others, that he who goes afield comes face to face with the motherhood of the earth. With the lengthening days the gifts come to birth, and in the present and positive joy we lose sight of the mother earth that bare them. But now all is promise; and one who comes from the noisy accidents of a town life can stand still and think he listens to the breathing of the earth, as she lies, big with fruitfulness, awaiting her deliverance.

The road dips suddenly into a deep hollow, and the downward sweep of the low red wall is strangely satisfying. The eye rests lovingly on the richly colored curve, and on the slender line of emerald moss that crowns it. At the bottom are grey-green water meadows, and a thread of silver water, and a white bridge. The wayfarer stops and gazes at the scene with the air of one who has passed a face in a crowd, and gropes in the crannies of his memory for a clue as to where it has crossed his life before. For a moment Rossetti's "Sudden Light" flashes into his mind, and then—no, that is the very place! There are the mill, and the long, low farm buildings, and the willow-trees. He takes out his watch. Scarce an hour has he been afoot, and when last summer lay a-dying he had navigated the little stream from the same spot whence he had set out to-day, and four hours'

sturdy paddling had scarce won his canoe a resting-place by the mill beyond the white bridge. And he laughs as he thinks of the freakish stream, and the illusion of great travel that lit in him so mighty a content, as, full of pleasant weariness, he had sought the inn that summer night.

For a mile and more the road winds through woods of pine and fir, and on either side are the brown beauties of bracken and beech-leaves. The jolly sound of the axe rings out again and again, and tall bundles of faggots lie ready for the warming of cottage homes. At intervals in the clearings is a little homestead. In the garden of one a row of white underclothing swings merrily in the breeze. The clothing arrests the eye; some of it is curiously dainty, and the traveller's truant imaginings fly through the cottage window and fashion a wearer to his mind. While this note is still humming in his brain there is a sound of wheels behind him, and the strong, steady beat of hoofs, and in another moment a girl drives past him in a tall cart. He catches a glimpse of an auburn curl under a white ear, as she wheels into the drive that leads to the great house on the hill. He lights a pipe, and through the smoke he sees a picture of a firelit room, long and low, wherein the fitful gleams of light play on silver and china, on white hands, and gold, and jewels. The sound of girls' laughter is in his ears, and the tinkle of dainty plates. The ghost of a sigh escapes him, and then there takes him "the fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air," as Louis Stevenson has it. Thereafter he sees the road, the massing of the far-off woods, the silver sheen of distant water, but as in a dream. The red of the sunset burns under the purple clouds, greyness comes, and then the dark, and his brain is lazily busy with the weaving of words when the lights appear and enfold him, his steps ringing on the pavement of the little town that is the goal of his day's endeavor.

W. A. B.

